ACCOUNT OF LORD MENDIP'S VILLA AT TWICKENHAM:

FORMERLY POPE'S.

With a perſpective VIEW *of that celebrated Spot.*

THE centre part of this building only, was the reſidence of Mr. Pope. He purchaſed it in 1715, and the latter end of that year he removed there with his father and mother. This he calls one of the grand eras of his life. The improvement of his houſe and gardens was for many years his favourite employment. He was particularly intereſted in the conſtruction of a grotto, which he enriched with many curious ſpars and gems. Warburton obſerves, that 'the beauty of his poetic genius appeared to as much advantage in the diſpoſition of theſe romantic materials, as in any of his beſt contrived poems.' The poet's own deſcription of his grotto, in a letter to Mr. Blount, dated June 1725, is worth tranſcribing:

'Let the young ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my gardens, without wiſhing to ſee the print of their fairy ſteps in every part of them. I have put the laſt hand to my works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous way and grotto: I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you ſee through my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open temple, wholly compoſed of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance under the temple you look down through a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as through a perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *Camera Obſcura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, wood and boats, are forming a moving picture in their viſible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different ſcene; it is finiſhed with ſhells interſperſed with pieces of looking glaſs in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a ſtar of the ſame material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, a thouſand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrower paſſage, two porches, one toward the river of ſmooth ſtones full of light, and open; the other toward the garden ſhadowed with trees, rough with ſhells, flints, and iron-tree. The bottom is paved with ſimple pebble, as is alſo the adjoining walk up the wilderneſs to the temple, in the natural taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place.' He continued improving it till his death. In the copy of Homer, which he uſed for his tranſlation (now in the earl of Orford's library) is a ſketch by the poet himſelf of the view from this grotto, including the church, and part of the village of Twickenham.

But this once celebrated grotto has ſuffered much from the dilapidations of time, and the *pious thefts* of viſitors, who ſelect the ſpars, ores, and even the common flints, as ſo many ſacred relics. In two adjoining apertures in the rock, are placed a Ceres and a Bacchus, an excellent buſt of Pope, and ſome other figures. In the right cavity, which opens to the river, by means of a ſmall window, latticed with iron bars, our bard ſat, it is ſaid, when he compoſed ſome of his happieſt verſes. At the extremity next the garden, is this inſcription, from Horace, on white marble:

'Secretum iter et fallentis ſemita vitæ.'

In another grotto, which paſſes under a road to the ſtables, and connects the pleaſure grounds, are three

The Seat of Lord Mendip formerly that of Alex. Pope, Esq.r Twickenham. Middlesex.

beautiful buſts, in Italian marble, of ſir William Stanhope, his daughter, and the late earl of Cheſterfield. In a niche, oppoſite each, is placed a Roman urn of exquiſite workmanſhip. Huge maſſes of ſtones are ſcattered round, in imitation of rocks; and wild plants and hardy foreſt trees are planted on each ſide, to give a ſylvan rudeneſs to the ſcene. From this ſpot, after viſiting the orangery, &c. you are led to a ſmall obeliſk, erected by the filial piety of our poet to the memory of his mother.

At this villa, Pope received viſits from the moſt eminent of his literary contemporaries. Swift, Gay, and himſelf, frequently made an illuſtrious triumvirate of genius. One of lord Bolinbroke's letters is addreſſed to the three Yahoos of Twickenham, Jonathan, Alexander, and John.

After Pope's death, which happened at Twickenham, May 30, 1744, his houſe was ſold to ſir William Stanhope, who added the wings and enlarged the gardens, by laying out a piece of ground on the oppoſit ſide of the lane, connected by a ſubterraneous paſſage, in which is placed the following inſcription:

The humble roof, the gardens ſcanty line
Ill ſuit the genius of the bard divine;
But fancy now diſplays a fairer ſcope,
And Stanhope's plans unfold the ſoul of Pope.

From ſir William Stanhope, Pope's villa paſſed to the right hon. Wellbore Ellis, afterward lord Mendip, who married his daughter. His lordſhip died the 2d day of the preſent month.

Of the celebrated willow, our readers will find a recent account in our Magazine for September laſt, p. 220.

CHARACTER OF JAMES HARRIS, ESQ.

By his Son, Lord Malmsbury.

[From his 'Works and Life,' publiſhed by his Lordſhip.]

THE diſtinction, ſays lord Malmſbury, by which my father was moſt generally known, while living, and by which he is likely to ſurvive to poſterity, is that of a man of learning. His profound knowledge of Greek, which he applied more ſucceſsfully, perhaps, than any modern writer has done, to the ſtudy and explanation of ancient philoſophy, aroſe from an early and intimate acquaintance with the excellent poets and hiſtorians in that language. They, and the beſt writers in the Auguſtan age, were his conſtant and never-failing recreation. By his familiarity with them, he was enabled to enliven and illuſtrate his deeper and more abſtruſe ſpeculations; as every page almoſt of theſe volumes (his works) will abundantly teſtify. But his attainments were not confined to ancient philoſophy and claſſical learning. He poſſeſſed likewiſe a general knowledge of modern hiſtory, with a very diſtinguiſhing taſte in the fine arts, in one of which he was an eminent proficient. His ſingular induſtry empowered him to make theſe various acquiſitions, without neglecting any of the duties which he owed to his family, his friends, or his country. I am in poſſeſſion of ſuch proofs, beſide thoſe already given to the public, of my father's laborious ſtudy and reflexion, as, I apprehend, are very rarely to be met with. Not only was he accuſtomed, through a long ſeries of years, to make copious extracts from the different books which he read, and to write critical remarks and conjectures on many of the paſſages extracted, but he was alſo in the habit of regularly committing to writing ſuch reflections as aroſe out of his ſtudy, which evince a mind carefully diſciplined, and anxiouſly bent on the attainment of ſelf-knowledge and ſelf-government. And yet, though habituated to deep thinking and laborious reading, he was generally cheerful, even to playfulneſs. There was no pedantry in his manners or con-

verſation, nor was he ever ſeen either to diſplay his learning with oſtentation, or to treat with ſlight, or ſupercilioufneſs, thoſe leſs informed than himſelf. He rather ſought to make them partakers of what he knew, than to mortify them by a parade of his own ſuperiority. Nor had he any of that miſerable faſtidiouſneſs about him, which too often diſgraces men of learning, and prevents their being amuſed or intereſted, at leaſt their chooſing to appear ſo, by common performances, and common events.

It was with him a maxim, that the moſt difficult, and infinitely the preferable, ſort of criticiſm, both in literature and the arts, was that which conſiſts in finding out beauties, rather than defects; and although he certainly wanted not judgment to diſtinguiſh and prefer ſuperior excellence of any kind, he was too reaſonable to expect it ſhould very often occur, and too wiſe to allow himſelf to be diſguſted at common weakneſs or imperfection. He thought, indeed, that the very attempt to pleaſe, however it might fall ſhort of its aim, deſerved ſome return of thanks, ſome degree of approbation; and that to endeavour at being pleaſed by ſuch efforts, was due to juſtice, to good-nature, and to good ſenſe.

Far, at the ſame time, from that preſumptuous conceit, which is ſolicitous about mending others, and that moroſeneſs, which feeds its own pride by dealing general cenſure, he cultivated to the utmoſt that great moral wiſdom, by which we are made humane, gentle, and forgiving; thankful for the bleſſings of life, acquieſcent in the afflictions we endure, and ſubmiſſive to all the diſpenſations of providence. He deteſted the gloom of ſuperſtition, and the perſecuting ſpirit by which it is ſo often accompanied; but he abhorred ſtill more the baneful and deſtructive ſyſtem of moral philoſophy; and from his early ſolicitude to inſpire me with a hatred of it, it would almoſt ſeem that he foreſaw its alarming approach and fatal progreſs. There is no obligation, which I acknowledge with more thankfulneſs; none that I ſhall more anxiouſly endeavour to confer upon my own children, from a thorough conviction of its value and importance.

My father's affection to every part of his family was exemplary and uniform. As a huſband, a parent, a maſter, he was ever kind and indulgent; and it deſerves to be mentioned to his honour, that he thought it no interruption of his graver occupations, himſelf to inſtruct his daughters, by exerciſing them daily both in reading and compoſition, and writing eſſays for their improvement, during many of their younger years. No man was a better judge of what belonged to female education, and the elegant accompliſhments of the ſex, or more diſpoſed to ſet a high value upon them. But he had infinitely more at heart, that his children ſhould be early habituated to the practice of religion and morality, and deeply impreſſed with their true principles. To promote this deſireable end, he was aſſiduous both by inſtruction and example, being himſelf a conſtant attendant upon public worſhip, and enforcing that great duty upon every part of his family. The deep ſenſe of moral and religious obligation, which was habitual to him, and thoſe benevolent feelings, which were ſo great a happineſs to his family and friends, had the ſame powerful influence over his public as his private life. He had an ardent zeal for the proſperity of his country, whoſe real intereſts he well underſtood; and in his parliamentary conduct he proved himſelf a warm friend to the genuine principles of religious and civil liberty, as well as a firm ſupporter of every branch of our admirable conſtitution.

Of the WOMEN *and* MARRIAGES *of the* IROQUOIS, *the* HURONS, *and other* AMERICAN NATIONS.

[Tranſlated from 'Babie's Travels among Savage Nations.']

ANCIENT authors, in the latter ages of paganiſm, and even Atheæus, thought that man, in his rude ſtate, having no marriage ceremony, united himſelf promiſcuouſly with the females, like the lower animals, till the time of Cecrops, who eſtabliſhed the laws of marriage, and obliged his ſubjects to marry, and to be contented with one wife. This prejudice is not as yet entirely done away; though it is evident that marriage has always been conſidered as a thing moſt ſacred, and that its rights have been reſpected by nations the moſt barbarous. In fact, though at preſent many American nations retain all their ferocity, and though they appear to us to live without laws, religion, or police, yet there are none of them that do not obſerve ſome ſolemnities in their matrimonial alliances, and that are not jealous as to conjugal fidelity.

The number of wives is reſtricted to two or three in thoſe nations, where polygamy has been adopted; if we except the chiefs, who, in this reſpect, have their particular privileges. But where a plurality is permitted, there is always a principal wife, who is married with more ſolemnity than the others.

The Algoquins make a great diſtinction between the wife, to whom they give the appellation 'of the entrance of the hut,' and thoſe whom they term 'of the middle of the hut.' Theſe laſt are the ſervants of the other, and their children are conſidered as baſtards, and of an inferior rank to thoſe which are born of the firſt and legitimate wife.—Among the Caribbs alſo, one wife poſſeſſed rank and diſtinction above the reſt.

Throughout all America, it was not permitted to contract marriage with a perſon connected in the firſt degree, either in a direct or collateral line. From this law, the Incas, the lawful heirs of the throne, were alone exempted, the ſovereign always marrying his own ſiſter.

Among the South-Americans, the maternal uncle has a right to the daughter of his ſiſter, and always conſiders her as his future ſpouſe.

The Iroquois, not being obliged to marry their relations, like the Caribbs and Hebrews, are very ſcrupulous reſpecting the degrees of conſanguinity; and it would be conſidered as the higheſt breach of decorum to intermarry with the ſlaves of their hut.

The Algoquins, ſome of whom have no objection to polygamy, make no ſcruple of marrying ſeveral ſiſters: and when one is pregnant, they connect themſelves ſucceſſively with the others; the general rule among the ſavages being not to cohabit with their wives, after they have declared their pregnancy.

As to the Iroquois, the Hurons, and other tribes, where polygamy is not eſtabliſhed, after the death of their firſt wife, they generally marry her ſiſter: the relations of the deceaſed do not fail to propoſe this new alliance to the huſband, if his contract during the firſt marriage has met their approbation.

Beſide the Caribbs, who may be ſaid to be born married, by the eſtabliſhed deſtination of law, and by the right which couſins have to their female couſins-germain; there are many other nations, where the parents of the future huſbands contract engagements for their children, from their earlieſt infancy. From that period, theſe huſbands become ſervants in the huts of their future wives. By this ſervitude they appear to purchaſe the right, or the honour of the alliance,

as Jacob purchaſed his by ſerving Laban, his father-in-law, ſeven years for Leah, and ſeven years for Rachael. Theſe engagements do not, however, advance the period of conſummation; it ſeldom happens among the South Americans, that a young man ventures either himſelf or through his friends, to demand this right of marriage, till he has made one or two priſoners, or ſlain an enemy.

The children belonging to the mother, and ſavages appearing all equal, it is natural to ſuppoſe that their matrimonial connexions would be regulated ſolely by inclination. Inſtead of this, we find among them three orders perfectly diſtinct, which they are attentive to keep ſo. The firſt is that of the Jeſenduoans, or nobility; the ſecond, is the Agagoucha, or common people; and the third, is the Enneſcona, or ſlaves, whoſe lives they have ſaved, or who are born ſlaves. The ſavages of South America, and the Algonquins, are very ſcrupulous with reſpect to their alliances, but the Iroquois are not ſo faſtidious on this head, provided that they can obtain more ſolid advantages. With regard to perſonal qualities, it is expected that the young man ſhould be brave, a good warrior, and an experienced hunter, and that the young woman ſhould have an unſpotted reputation, be a hard worker, and of a mild and docile temper. In theſe, as in other matters, they are often deceived. There are few faultleſs huſbands; and a good wife is a moveable almoſt as ſcarce in America as in Europe; but they at leaſt do all they can not to be deceived.

Marriage is ſuch by its inſtitution, and by the ties which reſult from it, that, even among barbarous nations, it appears to be eſtabliſhed. In general, they think when it is contracted with all the cuſtomary ſolemnities, that it cannot be diſſolved. It is perhaps from this reaſon that, in the Mexican marriage ceremonies, the prieſts tied together the garments of the man and wife, to indicate that they were to remain inſeparable during life. Yet the Iroquois are not over-ſcrupulous reſpecting divorce. Formerly they were more ſo. They themſelves complain that a relaxation of manners now prevails, with which they were formerly unacquainted.

An aged Braſilian miſſionary aſſured me, that ſuch was the delicacy of the Braſilians as to reputation, that, if a young woman made a ſlip, ſhe not only muſt give up all hopes of a huſband, but that ſhe riſked every kind of ill-treatment from her own relations.

Among the Iroquois, the women being abſolute miſtreſſes of their own actions, are not much alarmed at conſequences. The wife plunders the concubines of her huſband, without a reproach on his part. But if ſhe, beſide this, teaſes him with bad humour, he indeed is ſtill ſilent, as he dares not engage in a quarrel, and ſtill leſs venture to beat his wife; but, at laſt, tired with this internal war, he quits her, and a ſeparation takes place.

If the wife has gone aſtray, the huſband diſſembles his jealouſy as much as he can; it is with him a point of honour to be thought inſenſible to that paſſion. But he ſpeedily repays with uſury the infidelities of his wife, and thus induces her more eaſily to agree to a ſeparation.

Although the Iroquois affect to have no jealouſy, it is with them a violent paſſion, the effects of which are often dreadful. On this ſubject I ſhall relate a fact, which I have from a perſon who had lived a long time among them.

A huſband, not pleaſed with the conduct of his wife, but diſſembling his reſentment, carried her with him at the uſual time of hunting. The year was favourable, the game abundant, and the huſband a good hunter; yet he pretended that nothing was to be got, and alleged, as an excuſe, that he was under the power of faſcination. The hunting ſeaſon drew to a cloſe, the proviſions were expended, and the wife ſuffered much from hunger. The huſband having haraſſed

her in this manner for a long time, at laſt pretended that he had had a dream; that he was to attack the hut of his wife, during the night, as an enemy, to make her a priſoner, and to treat her as a ſlave. The wife, who fancied that ſhe ſhould be able to elude the effects of this dream, as is often the caſe, agreed that her huſband ſhould realize it. This he did not fail to do the following night. He attacked the hut, made a ſlave of his wife, and condemned her to be burned. He tied her to a poſt, and made a great fire. The wretched wife conſidered all this merely as a joke; but ſhe was deceived. With the huſband the matter was but too ſerious. He reproached her with her infidelities, either true or pretended, and roaſted her at a ſlow fire, with the moſt unfeeling cruelty. The brother of this woman, who had for her the ſtrongeſt attachment, had ſet out to bring her proviſions, leſt ſhe ſhould ſuffer from want. He arrived at the place during the time of this cruel execution, and was a diſtant ſpectator of the dreadful ſpectacle. The hut was open, and he heard the dreadful ſhrieks of his ſiſter. Having recognized her huſband, and his ſiſter, without being perceived, he did not long heſitate; he pointed his gun, and killed the huſband. He then untied his ſiſter, and learned from her the ſuſpicions of the jealous huſband, and the cauſe of his dreadful vengeance. The recovery of the poor woman was hopeleſs; the compaſſionate brother pitying her ſufferings, ſtabbed her with her own conſent; and after having paid the laſt duties to the body, according to eſtabliſhed cuſtom, he returned to the village, and related the melancholy tale.

Theſe examples of violent jealouſy and vengeance, much ſeldomer occur among the Iroquois than among the nations bordering on Louiſiana; there the huſbands, after offering every ſpecies of inſult to their unfaithful wives, bite off their noſe and ears, and no perſon is ſurprized, or finds fault with the brutal action. The Braſilians put them to death without ſcruple, and go and tell their father, 'I have killed your daughter becauſe ſhe was unfaithful.' The father anſwers with much coldneſs, 'You have done well, ſince ſhe deſerved it.'

The Caribbs and the Galibis puniſh adultery ſeverely, whether the man or the woman be the tranſgreſſor. If the man be in fault, he is called before the aſſembly of the nation, and there each perſon may pour upon him ſeveral pitchers of boiling water. He is, after this, given up to his wife, or to her relations, who may either pardon him, or put him to death, if they are not ſatisfied.

The puniſhment of the guilty wife, is ſtill more ſevere; for, after having ſuffered the ſame infliction as the man, ſhe is delivered over to her relations, who reſtore all the marriage preſents, and bury her alive. Where ſuch rigorous puniſhment attend adultery, it is to be preſumed that divorce is never, or at leaſt very ſeldom, permitted.

THEATRICAL MOCK-DELICACY.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

SIR,

AS you lately preſented us with a paper on the particulur humour of a theatrical audience, I have ventured to follow it up with ſome remarks on another peculiarity, nearly allied to it, which I hope will not be unacceptable.

Affectation of every kind is odious and inſufferable; and an ape is, as Locke obſerves, more diſliked becauſe he approaches the ſhape and look of what he is not; namely, of a man. Mock-religion, reſpecting mere externals, and mock-friendſhip, as compriſing only the ceremonies of that noble principle, are conſidered as the

ſhadows and phantoms of what they would paſs for; and as the temper of the age ſeems to call for it, it may not be amiſs to take a review of mock-delicacy, another ape in a form it has no pretenſions to aſſume.

Leſt I ſhould be miſunderſtood, however, in my ſentiments, I will premiſe it as my opinion of real delicacy, that it is an elegant refinement; that it is even a branch of virtue, a *petite morale*, which does honour to the character of a man: that it diſtinguiſhes him from a brute, and raiſes him above the level of human brutes, the groſs and ſenſeleſs rabble, a ſet as far beneath the brute creation in merit, as they are above them in opportunities of improvement.

Delicacy is a principal ingredient in the compoſition of that being we ſtyle a gentleman, which is, when well defined and well underſtood, the higheſt character in life; as in the real gentleman are included the duties of virtue, the niceties of honour, and the ornaments of ſentiment. A man may be honeſt, he may be juſt, he may be virtuous, and yet, with all theſe valuable qualities, for want of delicacy, be regarded as of common mould. Great encomiums are unqueſtionably due to this principle, when genuine; and as great cenſure ought to be paſſed on the affectation of it; particularly when thoſe are the pretenders to it, who have the leaſt imaginable ſhare in it. It is juſt that impoſtures of all kinds ſhould meet the rebuke and puniſhment due to fraud.

The affectation of delicacy I am about to introduce is of the theatric kind, a chronical diſtemper, which ſpreads during the ſeaſon for plays, to the deſtruction of wit, humour and pleaſantry; and the perſons that generally firſt catch the infection are the innocent lambs in the upper galleries of the theatre, whoſe taſte and manners cannot endure the leaſt approaches to vulgarity, as foreign to their natures. To exhibit a ſcene, or to uſe an expreſſion that is groſs or low in their preſence, is cruel indeed, as cruel as to utter unchaſte expreſſions before a modeſt lady; which, according to the common phraſe, no gentleman would be guilty of.

It is a pity that our nation in general, not content with adopting the agreeable cuſtoms and real improvements of its neighbours, ſhould likewiſe tranſplant their blemiſhes with them, ſuch as the reigning taſte of aping the ſentimental inſipidity of the French and Germans, and exploding real humour from our Engliſh ſtage, a circumſtance of conſequence to the cauſe of theatrical literature.

If we only repreſent what men ſhould be, under the ſeveral refinements of taſte and propriety, I cannot conceive the leaſt pleaſure, or uſe, reſulting from plays; for the latter of theſe views is ſtrenuouſly contended for by the advocates of the drama. No folly, or vice, is exploded; the end of comedy is defeated; and true humour, which conſiſts in expoſing real character, is loſt. It is true, we are to teach what men ſhould be; but it is alſo requiſite that we repreſent what men are; by the one we paint patterns for imitation; by the other, examples to be avoided.

As I have already obſerved, I will never be ſo blindly prejudiced in favour of the theatre, as to conſider it as much contributing to reform vice, however great an advocate I am for it; but it may with truth be affirmed, that it is greatly inſtrumental in baniſhing follies and improprieties. By excluding ſtriking characters, then, it follows that we actually cut off the view of utility, propoſed by dramatic writers in one eſſential point at leaſt. But if it muſt be granted that vice is alſo corrected by a proper repreſentation of it, there is an additional reaſon why high colouring for odious characters is indiſpenſable. To ſatirize nothing is no ſatire; to repreſent nothing, is no repreſentation.

That plays ſhould not be overcharged with ſcenes of low-life and brutality, will be readily granted. Too much of one thing, ſays the old

proverb, is good for nothing. Neither ſhould an endleſs repetition of the moſt amiable characters be ſerved up to the public. Variety is to be conſulted, as a principal recommendation in all ſorts of amuſement. Let every ſpecies of character take its turn, and that variety will of courſe be provided for. Pleaſure and profit are both ſerved by the help of variety; a ſameneſs has no influential charm. More than this, I will even allow that the groſſer characters ſhould be judiciouſly and ſparingly interſperſed; but neither nature nor pleaſure will countenance an utter excluſion of them.

If my opponents will warmly maintain the cauſe of ſentimental plays in the extreme, let them confine their taſte to certain reſtrictions, and aſſign proper and diſtinct provinces for ſentiment and humour; make tragedy a vehicle for the former, and comedy for the latter. The diſtinction might be adopted with ſucceſs, as the dignity of tragedy would diſpenſe with ſallies of pleaſantry and humour, while comedy naturally calls for them. Such a conduct in writing would not be an exact picture of nature, which requires things to be drawn as they happen in life; yet, rather than a worſe regulation ſhould be admitted, this would be entitled to toleration.

But on no account ſhould indelicacies in affairs of love be encouraged. Such examples will never mend the manners of an age, already too prone to diſſoluteneſs. If ever the hiſs is raiſed, traſh like this demands it. But ſo great is the partiality of the people, that indecent jokes of this kind in the older dramatic writers meet with applauſe, or at leaſt eſcape cenſure, when an innocently low character, by a more modern writer, who has not acquired the ſanction of time, is received with marks of diſſatisfaction. Which unfair diſtribution of applauſe and cenſure may be laid to the account of the itch for finding fault, the prejudice in favour of eſtabliſhed performances, and the inability of the greater half of an audience to judge for themſelves.

That the lower ranks in life are ever the moſt forward in expreſſing a diſapprobation of vulgar ſcenes, is worthy of obſervation. They are ſenſible of their own failings, and regard the ſcenes before them as a ſatire on themſelves; they view their own deformity in a glaſs, and, diſpleaſed at the appearance they make, wreak their vengeance on the author that drew them. From the tribunal (which is the *higheſt* in the theatre) is iſſued the hiſs of diſſatisfaction, and that hiſs is echoed back by ſuch as cannot hazard an opinion of their own: an expreſſion of diſapprobation ſeems to imply diſcernment and taſte: the firſt opinions are generally the ſtrongeſt; and thus the diſpute is finally determined.

To reſume the thread of my argument: I am ſenſible there ſhould be a difference made between a puppet-ſhow at Bartholomew-fair, and a comedy at the Theatre-royal. There ſhould alſo be a difference between a comedy and a ſermon. The exceſs of too much ſentiment is as eaſily incurred, as that of too little delicacy. When I called an expreſſion of diſlike to the humorous exhibition of a low character, *affectation*, it was not without foundation. At theſe public places of entertainment, it is a principal concern of the company in general to approve their good breeding and conſequence; and a more natural way of effecting their purpoſe does not ſeem to offer itſelf, than that of exploding low life. This, they think, inſinuates, that they themſelves are perſons of ſome rank and taſte, and that their genteel education and converſation in polite life diſqualify them for approving the ſcenes before them. Thus is the genius of our authors cramped by an obſequiouſneſs to the people's humour.

Were the ſubject a little canvaſſed, I am of opinion it would appear that the higher ranks of people are leſs prone to teſtify an averſion to a ſcene of coarſe breeding, than thoſe of ignoble birth. Perpetual ſcenes of high-life (perhaps ſometimes awkwardly

painted by a poet, whoſe general reſidence has been confined to a third ſtory) are too common and familiar to them to afford them entertainment; they are ſick of an eternal round of what they ſee every day at home, and require a diverſity of repreſentation to amuſe them, and awaken an attention that has been palled by a ſurfeit. If this circumſtance had been only attended to by our affected gentry, they would not be ſo apt to ſhelter their conſequence behind ſo thin a veil; they would enjoy a variety they love at heart, and not teaze themſelves by a ſelf-denial that gives them pain.

It ought to be conſidered, that there is a wide diſtinction between *viewing* a part, and *playing* it in our lives. That we do not approve of murder and villany, is no reaſon why we may not ſee them repreſented and ſatarized on the ſtage. To exclude ſuch ſcenes on account of their baſeneſs is as abſurd as to forbid the erection of St. Paul's cathedral, becauſe the people could not *eat* it when built. But as St. Paul's cathedral was not intended for food, but for the purpoſes of devotion, and the ends of magnificence; ſo the unamiable ſcenes of a dirty knave may be made ſubſervient to the purpoſes of ſatire, though they cannot be propoſed as patterns for imitation.

The laſt argument I ſhall advance in favour of ſometimes permitting a low repreſentation, is drawn from the ſuppoſed utility of the ſtage abovementioned. It is the lower ranks of life, if any, that will be laughed out of their faults and follies, as they do not think themſelves above the poet's laſh. Perſons of quality, on the contrary, are generally ſeen to ſcorn his ſatire, and conſider his cenſures with as much reverence as the barkings of their lap-dogs. Like divinities in painting, they diſplay themſelves nakedly and without diſguiſe, under ſanction of their acknowledged ſuperiority.

THE FOLLY OF WISE MEN.

An Eſſay.

[By Henry Fielding, Eſq.—Not in his Works.]

Nimirum inſanus paucis videatur eo quod,
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem. Hor.

Few men may madneſs this, or folly name,
For moſt men are infected with the ſame.

THERE are a kind of ſilly fellows, whom I do not remember to have ſeen fully animadverted upon by any author, ancient or modern. Many have indeed given us ſhrewd hints concerning them, have attacked them as it were obliquely and in the dark; but none have ever fairly declared war againſt them, and have dared to oppoſe them in open field; the true reaſon of which ſeems to be, that the world in general will be almoſt ſure to be of their ſide, and to maintain their cauſe.

Not to keep my reader in too long a ſuſpence, the ſilly fellows I here mean, are thoſe to whom the common voice gives the appellation of *wiſe men*. A people whom, however they may be fortified and ſecured, it is abſolutely neceſſary to encounter and utterly to aboliſh, before it will be poſſible to introduce any true notions of goodneſs, virtue, or indeed of common ſenſe, among mankind; for to all theſe the ſaid wiſe men are profeſſed enemies, and all ſuch notions they will be ſure to laugh, or rather ſhake out of the world, by that dangerous ſhaking of their heads, with which they are uſually ſo certain of triumphing over their adverſaries.

It is ſcarce, I think, neceſſary to premiſe, that by wiſe men here, I do not underſtand perſons endowed with that wiſdom of which Solomon was poſſeſſed, which he tells us is more eligible than gold; to which he adviſes us to open our ears, and to incline our hearts; which David tells us, cometh out of the mouth of the righteous, and which Solomon ſays, is deſpiſed by fools.

Neither do I mean that wiſdom here, which was the deity of the ancient philoſopers, which Seneca ſays, is ſuperior to all the efforts of fortune, and which, according to Horace, makes a man a king of kings, and places him next in rank to Jupiter himſelf.

By wiſdom here, I mean that wiſdom of this world, which St. Paul expreſsly tells us is folly; that wiſdom of the wiſe, which, as we read both in Iſaiah, and in the Corinthians, is threatened with deſtruction: laſtly, I here intend that wiſdom, in the abundance of which, as the preacher tells us, there is much of grief; which, if true, would be alone ſufficient to evince the extreme folly of thoſe who covet and purſue ſuch wiſdom.

But though the ſcriptures in the places above cited, and in many others do very ſeverely treat this character of worldly or mock wiſdom, they have not, I think, very fully deſcribed it, unleſs perhaps Solomon hath done this ironically under the name of folly. An opinion to which I am much inclined; and indeed what is ſaid in the tenth chapter of Eccleſiaſtes, of the great exaltation of a fool, muſt be underſtood of a fool in repute, and ſuch is the wiſe man here pointed at.

In the ſame manner, the beſt writers among the heathens, have obſcurely and ironically characteriſed this wiſdom. What is a covetous man? ſays Horace, he is both a fool and a madman. Now avarice is the very higheſt perfection, and as it were the quinteſſence of this kind of wiſdom. Again, ſays the ſame Horace.—'Chooſe any man you pleaſe out of the crowd; he is either oppreſſed with avarice or miſerable ambition.'—Here you have the two great characteriſtics of this wiſdom, avarice and ambition, in one verſe, which, the poet tells us, were the purſuit of all the wiſe men in Rome, as indeed they have been in all other countries.

And with this opinion the judgment of the world has ſo abſolutely coincided, that I am extremely doubtful, whether by a wiſe man is generally meant any other than a man, who is purſuing the direct road to power or wealth, however dirty or thorny it may be. A wiſe man, in ſhort, in the common eſtimation, is he who becomes great or rich; nor are all the labours he undergoes, or all the frauds and villanies, which he commits ever taken into the account, or in the leaſt conſidered as any objections to his wiſdom.

But however wiſe a man may be who outwits and over-reaches others, he ſeems not much to deſerve that name, who outwits and over-reaches himſelf; and this, I am afraid, is always the caſe with the moſt abſolute ſlaves of either of theſe paſſions, that is to ſay, with the wiſeſt of men.

It is certain that a man may (though perhaps with greater difficulty) impoſe on himſelf as well as on others; for it has been aſſerted, and I doubt not truly, that an habitual liar will come in time to believe his own lies. In the ſame manner may a man make a fool of himſelf, and this is perhaps the higheſt degree of worldly cunning. Thus very artful children do ſometimes outwit thoſe who have the care of them, and by ſuch means fall into all kinds of miſchief; on which occaſions, I think none will diſpute but that the little wretches have likewiſe been too hard for themſelves.

Divines, purſuing I ſuppoſe the opinions above cited from Solomon and St. Paul, have taken great pains to prove that the man, who ſacrifices his hopes in another world to any acquiſitions in this, however wiſe he may call himſelf, or may be called by others, is in reality a very ſilly fel-

low. Theſe have endeavoured to ſhow us, that a raſcal gibbeted up as it were on the mount of ambition, or a wretch wallowing in the mire of avarice, is in truth a fool, and will be convinced of his folly when it is too late.

But if there be any perſons who, in oppoſition to all the arguments which have been urged to ſupport this doctrine, ſtill guide their opinion by the old proverb of a bird in the hand, &c. and conclude that thoſe are wiſeſt who make ſure of the preſent world, yet all muſt, I think, confeſs that he is a fool who gives up both; who without any proſpect or hopes of a future reward, takes care to be at preſent as miſerable as he poſſibly can.

Now that this is the caſe with the ſlaves of ambition and avarice, is ſo very manifeſt, that it forms an affront to the human underſtanding to endeavour to prove it. Take a picture in miniature of the former, from the ingenious Dr. South. 'The ambitious perſon, ſays he, muſt riſe early and ſit late, and muſt purſue his deſign with a conſtant indefatigable attendance; he muſt be infinitely patient and ſervile, and obnoxious to all thoſe perſons whom he expects to riſe by; he muſt endure and digeſt all ſorts of affronts; adore the foot that kicks him, and kiſs the hand that ſtrikes him.'

Of the latter, you have as lively a deſcription in the excellent Dr. Barrow. 'Other vicious inclinations combat reaſon, and often baffle it; but ſeldom ſo vanquiſh it, as that a man does approve or applaud himſelf in his miſcarriage: but the covetous humour ſeizes on our reaſon itſelf, and ſeateth itſelf therein; inducing it to favour and countenance what is done amiſs. The voluptuous man is ſwayed by the violence of his appetite, but the covetous is ſeduced by the dictates of his judgment: he therefore ſcrapes and hoards and lets go nothing, becauſe he eſteems wealth the beſt thing in the world, and then judges himſelf moſt wiſe when he is moſt baſe. Labour not to be rich, ceaſe from thine own wiſdom, ſaith Solomon; intimating the judgment ſuch perſons are wont to make of their riches; whence of all diſpoſitions oppoſite to piety, this is the moſt pernicious.'

With examples of the miſery, the folly, and indeed the abſurdity of theſe purſuits, hiſtory ſo abounds, that as there is perhaps no more profitable, ſo there ſeems to be no more appoſite uſe of that ſtudy, than to learn a juſt contempt of ambition and avarice. Hiſtory may make a half-witted fellow a politician, and may point out to him the means of acquiring power or wealth; but it bids fair to raiſe the man of ſolid ſenſe into a true philoſopher, and to teach him the contempt of both.

Crœſus, king of Lydia, having received a favour from Alcmæon, the Athenian, gave him as much gold as he could carry. Alcmæon not contented with loading his pockets, which were for the purpoſe made immenſely large, and filling a vaſt pair of boots with gold, tied ſeveral ingots of gold to his hair, and crammed his mouth with the ſame metal. In this condition when Crœſus ſaw him coming out of the treaſury, Herodotus tells us, he burſt into a moſt immoderate fit of laughter, at the extreme avarice of the man.

In ſolemn truth, there is nothing more ridiculous than the labours either of avarice or ambition; and for this reaſon eſpecially that thoſe who undergo them, undergo them to no purpoſe. No fable was ever ſo finely conceived as that of Tantalus, to repreſent the ſtate of a miſer; who, as Biron finely ſaid, 'ſurveys the heaps of another man, as if they were his own, and his own as if they were another man's, being indeed not in poſſeſſion of his wealth, but poſſeſſed by it.

And what is the caſe of the ambitious man, when he has gained the power he aimed at? Can he call it his own, or enſure himſelf the enjoyment of it? Notwithſtanding all the ſlavery and unwearied diligence with

which he muſt court the ſupporters of his power, how liable are they every hour to ſlide from him? What a bargain did that wretch make who purchaſed the Roman empire, and was butchered at the end of two months, by thoſe military auctioneers that ſold it him? And yet we read of one in the hiſtory of Spain, who would have been contented with a ſhorter term in his royal eſtate. 'In the diſſentions among the Moors, in the kingdom of Cordova, when about a dozen ſucceſſive kings had been put to the ſword, a youth of a royal family, ſays Mariana, aſſiſted by a company of wild young fellows, entered the palace, and deſired the ſoldiers to proclaim him king. They repreſented to him the diſloyalty of the citizens, and adviſed him to take warning by ſo many who had already periſhed. He wiſely anſwered, "Call me but king to-day, and kill me to-morrow." Such, ſays my author, is the inordinate deſire of reigning; and ſuch, I add, is the inordinate folly of ambition.'

And yet theſe two are the great buſineſs, which the world eſpouſes; to the purſuit of which it aſſigns the appellation of wiſdom; and to which, if we will attain that honour, we muſt ſacrifice all the real enjoyments of life.

But in plain truth, if it was as certain that there is no other world, as I take it to be certain that there is, he would be the wiſeſt man who made the moſt of the comforts of this; while the wretch who ſpends his days in cares and miſery, that he may die greater or richer than other men, is the fillieſt fellow in the univerſe.

HISTORY OF MR. FRAZER.

Concluded from Page 49.

OUR father's papers excited ſtrange and clathing emotions in his children. The eldeſt ſon, educated, now habituated, to lofty expectations, ſaw with trembling rage and fear, his diſputable rank and name. His brother, united in the ſame intereſt of fame and diſtinction, ſhared his agitation. The eldeſt daughter, whoſe marriage was then juſt pending with lord Clavington, beheld with horror and mortification, the poſſibility of its being broken, if her mother's marriage was declared invalid. Frances wept for all, but moſt wept over her mother's ſorrows and afflictions. My mother, ſhe loved as fondly, as enthuſiaſtically, as I did, but pity, for her own, ſo blended her wiſhes; ſhe ſo ſuffered for her brothers' and her ſiſter's grief; ſhe ſo tenderly loved me, ſhe knew not how or what to pray for. I, young as I was, but juſt eighteen, felt as the ſon of lady Maria. I lamented the fate of every individual involved in ſo cruel a deſtiny; but I determined nothing ſhould prevent me from aſſerting my mother's rank and honour; my own birthright; and I determined to fly to her relations, and claim their protection and ſupport of my pretenſions.

I was called to my mother's bedſide, who had heard of my preparation for departure to her brother, lord S——. What power dictated irreſiſtible eloquence to her tongue—irreſiſtible reſolution to her heart? Could the Deity influence her thus againſt nature? Could leſs than the Deity inſpire in her ſuch command, or in me ſuch obedience? My father, my brothers, my ſiſters were preſent; ſhe had pledged herſelf to them. Oh, miſled, yet divine ſpirit! againſt *me*, againſt her own child. She reminded me, *my* proſpects, *my* views were unchanged; I had never reaſonable hope beyond a younger ſon. She pointed my view to my brothers; ſhe painted ſo feelingly the tranſition in their fate, embittered by expectation ſo different; ſhe called on my honour, my pity for my lovely ſiſters degrad-

ed; ſhe forbade me to heap on my father's ſoul ſenſe of remorſe, at ruin ſo multiplied. She ſhamed my ſelfiſhneſs for *one*, and that one *myſelf*; to deſtroy ſo many, and thoſe brothers and ſiſters, a father and mother; for if her lord was diſgraced, ſo was ſhe; if his children were ruined, ſo was ſhe. She gave me no peace; ſhe allowed feeling no moment to reflect; ſhe carried me bound to my father's feet; ſhe held me to earth, while his ſons and his daughters trampled over my bleeding heart, into my ſole and legal rights. She bound me by a ſolemn oath, when I ſhould attain full age, to ratify my renunciation of all claims of her's or mine. When ſhe had thus broken the very cords of my heart, ſhe diſmiſſed me; and Frances led me trembling to a bed, where the fever of conflicting paſſions, reſentments, and wiſhes, endangered for ſome weeks my wretched life. I think of you, my wife, of you my other Helen, or I would demand of heaven why that life was prolonged.

In this dreadful paroxyſm of feeling, I could bear no one to approach me but Frances. My father, from this hour, I have never endured to look upon. My mother agitated me by her preſence, but Frances ever ſoftened me to relieving tears. It was ſhe acquainted me with the reſolution of my mother to retire into ſome religious houſe in France, ſince ſhe felt ſhe could no longer remain with lord Henry, unleſs ſhe aſſerted her marriage to the ruin of thoſe children ſhe had once adopted, and then loved as her own. Dreadful was the parting between her and the unhappy man; I cannot call him father, he was not now *my father*; no—he deſpoiled, he diſhonoured me. He won a fond woman, he practiſed on her known high ſenſe of honour and generoſity, to deſtroy her own child. She departed without telling me, and Frances accompanied her in her retreat; for her own unhappy mother, had only received a ray of light and reaſon to loſe it again herſelf, after ſhewing us by its horrible flaſh, the darkneſs and miſery of our ſituation. I could no longer remain under the roof of that man who gave me life, but was *to me no parent*. His bread was bitter to my ſoul, and I renounced it. I ſtole away ſecretly, nor left a trace behind, of the path I meant to purſue; it proved a thorny one. The diſturbances were begun in America. I went thither a volunteer, but how many a weary ſtep this proud reſolution coſt me. The buſy din of war ſeemed moſt conſonant to my own boiling feelings. I had frequently, like our bleſſed maſter, 'not a place to lay my head.' Devotion to that divine example, was the firſt real ſoother of my ſoul; I could look up to him, and utter my groans; to him who had been, 'a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief.'

Poverty added her chaſtiſements — How often has my full heart ſwelled and refuſed the ſordid morſel ſpread before me; how often have indignant tears dropped into the cup of water that alone quenched the heat of my fevered lips. I have as often exclaimed—

There's not a wretch who lives
On *common charity*, but's happier than me:
For *I* have known the luſcious ſweets of plenty,
Every night have ſlept with ſoft content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning.

When I came up with the Engliſh army, I had the good fortune to pleaſe the general to whom I addreſſed myſelf. It happened to be the gallant Wolfe; that hero, whoſe name and reputation are immortal. I might be vain that my efforts on ſuch ſervices as he employed me in, received from *him* the praiſe of valour, but deſperation chiefly cauſed what my general ſtyled intrepidity, and which he generouſly rewarded by his protection and kindneſs. To him I owe all I am, all the reſpectability that his countenance attached to my otherwiſe deſ-

perate fortunes. Alas! I witneſſed his fall, and on that day only, the ſucceſs of Britiſh arms was to me no triumph; victory was defeat, when Wolfe was loſt to his country. Oh, my hero! my benefactor! I even now melt with tears, when memory brings back to my ſoul that day of anguiſh, in which I followed your ſacred remains from the field.

I had attained my full age of twenty-one, when I was ſo ſeverely wounded, as to be in conſideration ordered home with diſpatches, and high recommendations for promotion. In all this ſeparation from my mother; from brothers I had loved; from ſiſters I had adored; I had maintained a ſtubborn ſilence, I felt at war with nature and affinity; they were enemies to me; and as ſuch I ſickened at their remembrance. It had too often been my lot to hear from my companions, ſarcaſtic reflections on young men, who were of illegitimate birth; I felt the injuſtice, the cruelty, the meanneſs of ſuch reflections; yet they ſunk into my ſoul. If my brothers' titles to ligitimacy were admitted, where did *I* ſtand. Bound by oaths moſt ſolemn, made to beings moſt *ſacred*, though to me no longer *dear*, I had yielded to diſcredit, to cover them from it. I ſometimes, however, reſolved not to be bound by a vow ſo compulſory; ſo unreaſonably extorted from me. To maintain my birth; my honour; to yield up wealth or eſtates, all but the deareſt poſſeſſion of my ſoul, a noble-unſtained deſcent. Then came over my heart the piercing thought, of how *many* muſt be wretches to gratify my pride; and I aſked myſelf, could I bear up a front of joy, treading on the till now never queſtioned honours of men I had embraced, lived with as brothers; who had cheriſhed me like a young ſnake in their boſoms—Had held me in their arms in boyhood, lent themſelves to my infant plays, and borne with good-humour my infant tyranny and caprice! In ſuch revolutions of heart and thought, my voyage paſt, I arrived in England. I was ſo changed by dreſs, by climate, by hardſhip and ſuffering, as to appear at leaſt ten years older than I really was, and eſſentially differing to what I had ever been. I aſſumed the name of Frazer when I left my father's houſe. It occurred to me, becauſe Glenroſs had been part of the eſtate of a clan ſo named. I now could remember no place but Glenroſs with pleaſure; there I had known pure happineſs in childhood; there my brothers had never been aught but brothers; there I had chaſed my ſmiling ſiſters, who leſſened their ſpeed through the trees to let me enjoy the triumph of overtaking them. There *I had a father*, I remembered there his ſmiles and his embraces; there I had a mother reſpected and adored. We had quitted Glenroſs, that our education in England might be purſued and finiſhed more advantageouſly; and in England, ſhame and reproach had overpowered me, had wreſted from me all that was worth exiſting for. I preſented myſelf officially where I had buſineſs, as captain Frazer; for ſuch was I announced in my diſpatches. In this character I made only ſuch enquiries as chance made eaſy to me. I heard lord Henry, by his brother's deceaſe, was now duke of Molton, and reſided in London, retired and melancholy. His eldeſt ſon had juſt returned from travel, and began a career of *eclat*. The younger had married into a powerful family, and was gone abroad on a party of pleaſure with his lady. His eldeſt daughter was married to the earl of Clavington, an Iriſh noble, and was gone with him to his caſtle, in his own country. Lady Frances, they ſaid, a ſtrange oddity of a being, had gone off to France, with a perſon who for many years paſſed on the world as her father's wife; till her own mother appeared, who had been driven mad by this very intrigue of her huſband's and lady Maria S——, whoſe family had renounced all connection with her. The duke was much blamed for per-

mitting his daughter to adopt ſo infamous a companion, and way of life, for it was aſſerted they did live a very gay and diſſipated life in Paris. The cunning Mr. Owen, I traced to be the original inventor of all this infamous calumny. This ſerpent, who firſt ſeduced his pupil into marriage in boyhood with a ſiſter, who though amiable, was always liable to the misfortune that at laſt viſited her from occaſional threatenings, and from *hereditary diſpoſition*; for this fact was certain, though concealed from her children through delicacy to their feelings. This ſerpent who beheld in my mother the ſaviour of his ſiſter's children from the ſtain of diſgraceful birth. Who ſaw her put her own ſon beneath them. This was the ſerpent of ſerpents, the devil of devils, who afterward wounded her where to bleed is to die. Her heart could not exiſt when its honour was aſſaſſinated. This devil, whom *her* influence with her huſband and his brother, the duke, had made a biſhop. This *veſtured devil* it was, who dared to teach lord Henry's children to abhor their benefactreſs; all but Frances, ſhe was an angel, and beyond a demon's influence. She ſpurned the wretch, though her uncle, who dared to tell her, *my* mother had ſeduced the huſband of *her's*; that *my mother's guilt*, cauſed *her mother's madneſs*. Stung to the ſoul at this baſe accuſation of my mother, I hurried over to her to France. I found her at the foot of that altar where ſhe had dedicated her remaining days to God. I tried to inſpire her with my rage; my ſpirit of revenge; I knew her ſoul had hitherto ſupported itſelf by conſcious worth, and her very pride in its apparent ſacrifice, felt a triumph at her own greatneſs. In the praiſes, the adoration, ſhe ſuppoſed herſelf the object of, from lord Henry's children. No, never ſhall I forget her look of woe, when ſhe learned from me a tale the amiable Frances had before heard, but concealed, from motives of tenderneſs, ſhe thought, to each party. With a reſolution made up by every ſentiment that was great and affecting. She decided to return with me and Frances to England.

'I have made myſelf,' ſaid ſhe, 'as one dead; I went into ſilence and obſcurity; I paſſed from earth as one who had never been; for I buried my very affections, my paſſions, and my intereſts; I made, ere I departed, a horrid ſacrifice. I bound, I deſtroyed my only ſon. Why have they called back a perturbed ſpirit, that wandered in ſhadows, and diſturbed them not. I will go with you, my ſon; but remember, I ſtill hold you to your oath. I will face this fiend in the preſence of thoſe miſguided, yet dear beings, he has tempted to accuſe me.—That interview ſhall decide our future actions.'

We arrived in London—my mother would not ſee the duke, nor intimate to him her return to England, till ſhe had accompliſhed her purpoſe in that return. Lord Clavington, who, though of the Iriſh peerage, had vaſt eſtates in England, alſo happened to be in London with his lady. Lord Laudon, the ſecond ſon, whoſe marriage had procured his new dignity, had alſo returned from the continent. The marquis was at the town manſion, Molton-houſe. The *ir*-reverend biſhop was in attendance on that bench he diſhonoured when he aſcended it. Thus all parties were aſſembled:——my mother's mind was raiſed to the fever of action—and with the force of fever ſhe moved and ſpoke. She commanded all theſe perſons to attend her—and all from long habit of reſpect, felt unable to refuſe;——perhaps, too, they felt her power, though it ſlept, was not yet dead. Oh, how can I paint this ſcene!——this awfully impreſſive ſcene!——when, as a divinity, ſhe dictated from a ſeat, like that of judgment, thoſe ſentences we each ſubſcribed to, as ſhe called on us. She had brought to this interview, two men, eminent in legal talents and ſtation. She received us all as we en-

tered, with dignity, as if forcibly diveſted of all tenderneſs.—Her countenance was, in its form and ſymmetry, beautiful,—but its expreſſion was divine, when her ſoul peculiarly roſe to animate it. She warned us all of her object in this meeting, and of her reſolution to ſacrifice all former promiſes, unleſs her honour was cleared. She firſt addreſſed herſelf to Owen, who, happening to be returning from the houſe, wore his lawn ſleeves, &c.

'Lay aſide, Owen, I command you, lay aſide, while I ſpeak to you, thoſe reſpectable diſtinctions my blindneſs decked you with. I cannot ſpeak what I have to ſay, to any thing veſtured as you are now veſtured. It is the worſt of my ſins to have clothed a demon in a garb appropriated to holineſs, and commanding veneration; for this ſin, I aſk pardon of heaven and the inſulted prieſthood—— Owen, do as I command you!'

Owen laid aſide his ſleeves and his gown with the ſame abject air, with which he had firſt knelt to bleſs her, when, ſhe took from his mean roof to their father's honours and home, the children he afterward taught to curſe her.

'Were you, Owen, the tutor of lord Henry Sedley, at Cambridge?'

Owen aſſented.

'Did you take him, when ſcarce ſeventeen, to your father's houſe?'

Owen aſſented.

'Did you marry him there to your ſiſter?'

Owen aſſented.

'Did you then know your ſiſter liable to occaſional ſtarts of the infirmity that afterward became rooted and declared incurable?'

Owen aſſented.

'Did you then know ſeveral of your poor forefathers, had been afflicted by the ſame malady, and that ſome then exiſted ſo afflicted?'

Owen aſſented.

'Did lord Henry always manifeſt a tender love and affection to your ſiſter, both till he knew, and after he did know her misfortune?'

Owen aſſented.

'Did he employ every means of medicine and care of his own to remove it?'

Owen aſſented.

'Was the hope of cure given up when lord Henry entered his twentieth year?'

Owen aſſented.

'Did lord Henry ever after that period ſee your ſiſter, till the day we were all ſeparated by her appearance; now about three years ago?'

Owen had now as ready a negative.

'Did you afterward underſtand from lord Henry, he had married me at the age of twenty-two: and that he meant to eſtabliſh this as his only marriage?'

Owen aſſented.

'Did you ever ſee this licence and this certificate before?'

Owen aſſented.

'Did you agree to accept a proviſion for your ſiſter's children, as the natural offspring of lord Henry?'

Owen aſſented.

'Did I, ſeeing theſe children, feel a compaſſion for their fate, that inſpired a fondneſs for their perſons, and a zeal for their intereſts—Did I propoſe an expedient, I now ſee was wrong, becauſe though ſpecious, *falſe?* Was that expedient to report your ſiſter dead?—To conceal, from pity, her malady, or exiſtence, from her innocent little ones?—I did not *then*, I own, know the circumſtances, I afterward did, relative to your ſiſter's diſorder;—— But no more of this—Did I educate theſe children as my own? Did I labour to elevate you to a ſtation becoming *their uncle?* Was your ſiſter ſupported in every indulgence and comfort her caſe permitted? Anſwer, once for all—are theſe truths?'

Owen aſſented; and ſeemed to feel ſhame, if not remorſe.

'Then how have you dared, with the wickedneſs of that fiend, who is called as his worſt name, "the father of lies."—How have you dared to tell theſe perſons the helliſh tale you fabricated?'

'What tale?' muttered Owen.

'The tale you told *me*, ſaid Frances! ſhall I repeat it now?

Owen trembled with paſſion, as he regarded her: and the mortified figures of his other niece and nephews, upbraided his bringing on them this humiliating explanation. Having finiſhed his diſgraceful confeſſion he retreated—ſubdued, yet not penitent.

Now, my ſon, (ſaid lady Maria) now are you in your place again;—I releaſe you not from your vow:—I reſtore you not to the titles, or demeſnes of your father:—but I reſtore you the fame,—the integrity of your mother.——I reſtore you the greateſt of powers;—that of ſacrificing ſelf, to generous deeds of honour. I feel now that I erred originally:—when, to a romantic chimerical notion of heroic duty, I ſacrificed the legal claim I had for you and myſelf,—but I cannot now retract:——I cannot take away from theſe young perſons before us, the education I gave them—the ſentiments I inſpired—the neceſſities I taught—the habits I forced on them;—if I *could*, perhaps, I *would* do ſo:——but, from error, it ever follows that ſome victim falls. I have weighed—I have reflected—I have wept—I have mourned for you;—but cannot, cannot build you up on their ruin.'

Here, I paſſionately interrupted:—'But can you deface—tumble me to ruin—while you feel for theſe?'

'You are *but one*;—your expectations were never high as theirs.

'Not as to fortune;—but I too had birth;—I too, had name.'

'Birth!—Name!—Why yes, my ſon; theſe are goods;—but they may be bought too dear. You cannot procure them without ſacrificing what is ſuperior;—nature—duty—feeling—friendſhip—gratitude. Come, Frazer;—No more a Sedley!—Frazer:—creation of honour—ſoldier of heroic ſuffering—win to yourſelf a better title than any you can wear, ſtained by the tears of your family:—Come, embrace; let us all, once more, embrace as mother, brothers, and ſiſters;—and when we depart, let us only communicate in the hearts and memories of each other. Frazer, you are now twenty-one. Theſe legal friends I have ſummoned to atteſt, and render formal, our mutual renunciation, at the foot of the equally recorded admiſſions of that Owen.'

My will, had never any power when my mother choſe to overrule it.——I ſigned the paper ſhe preſented me, and put beyond my own power, for ever, to reclaim honours, and dignities, I had till that moment unqueſtionable right to. After this, to me, dreadful trial, my mother embraced me with ſolemnity, and deſired me to go and wait for her at her lodging.——She took Frances in the carriage, with her; and I heard her order the coachman to the duke of Molton's. The marquis, and his brother, each preſſed me to accompany them home.—I was unable to bear their careſſes, or their proteſtations of ſharing with me all that they poſſeſſed of power or wealth.——The only participation I could have been gratified by, I was doomed to be excluded from; and that excluſion ſeparated me from all other intercourſe. I know not which way I got to my mother's lodging:—I ſcarcely knew I was there, till ſhe and Frances entered.—Lady Maria had taken the laſt leave of a huſband;—loved with a love indeed, 'paſſing the love of women.'—Her air was quiet, meek, compoſed,—yet awfully ſad;—her work ſeemed accompliſhed: the fire of her eye was quenched in the dew of tender recollection;—her beating palpitating heart, exhauſted by its own workings, ſent forth ſmothered ſighs of wearineſs;—ſhe, and Frances, ſeated themſelves awhile on each ſide of me, but neither for a time ſpoke—at laſt this ſilence, that yet was communication, for we all underſtood the feelings each endured, was broken by my mother.—

'We mean, Frazer, if it pleaſes heaven, to ſet out to-morrow, on my

return to France: —— Will you travel with us?'

'Why ſhould I?—Oh, why ſhould I, dear lady Maria S——. What have *you* to do with *Frazer*?—What tie, has *that being* to connect him with any living creature?'

Her anſwer was a deep ſigh.

'Then where,'—aſked the mild-voiced Frances,—'Where *will* you go, deareſt Archibald?'

'Perhaps, this ſtill unhealed wound, will be to me in place of parents and of kindred;—perhaps, it will lead me to reſt, and ſave me from living reproach.'

Again, a deep ſigh, from my poor mother.——I ſtarted at its bitterneſs of aſpiration—I looked, and her tears ſtreamed—I felt remorſe—I turned to her, and folded her in my arms—we wept—we embraced—and Frances, all pity and ſympathy, tried to cheer us. —My mother feebly ſmiled, and deſired to retire to bed.—I could not ſleep, and intreated her, to permit me to watch this laſt night beſide her—that in the morning I would wait on lord ——, from whom I was ſure of an immediate appointment to be able to return to my military duty;—that I would henceforth forget, if poſſible, the paſt, and purſue the path ſhe had choſen for me.—She conſented—and Frances retired, to try and procure a little reſt before the morrow's journey. —I begged my mother to try and ſleep alſo:—ſhe preſſed my hand, and conſented;—I let down the curtain—ſeated myſelf near her, and began to revolve all that had paſſed ſince the firſt ſhock of affliction had aſſailed my heart. The languor of pain, for my agitation had irritated my wound, now ſubdued the conflicts of paſſion; —every power of my buſy reſtleſs mind ſeemed tamed by weakneſs and ſorrow!—every affection was extinguiſhed;—gratitude—family-love—all of thoſe powerfully actuating ſentiments that influenced me on former ſcenes and actions, had faded quite from my heart. I ſaw my mother on the bed, I well knew of pain, not reſt—I knew her heart ſuffered more for me, than for herſelf;—I looked on her like myſelf, the wretch of deſpair! devoted to future hopeleſs miſery!—I thought with moody pleaſure of my wound—I ſaw it abridge my days—and rejoiced in the proſpect that her releaſe alſo was at hand—for I felt her heart could bear no longer.

Oh, voice, that I ſhall hear no more!—Oh, accents of a fondneſs buried in the tomb!—Oh, tenderneſs, unavailing then, and torturing now to recollection; you ſpoke to caution your ſtubborn ſon againſt nightly cold—watching—ſelf-neglect—and willing woe.

My mind could no longer diſguiſe its feelings, and I replied, 'that her time and mine would be ſhort.—— We are both going faſt, my mother; —It is my comfort, were I even firſt called, you will not ſorrow long: and, let the ſame conſolation for me, reconcile you, if heaven ſo wills that you ſet out before me.'

'Is deſpair, then, in a young and manly breaſt ſo fixed—ſo hopeleſs?' —aſked my mother.

My reply could not falſify my feelings;—her tears fell—and mine flowed to have excited them. I ſtrove to utter a few words of comfort, but they failed me, and I could only mourn in ſpirit, that ſhe had given birth to a wretch like me. She begged me to try and ſleep on a couch that was in her apartment—To obey her where I could, I laid myſelf along and feigned ſleep; but though ſleep did not viſit me, I did find repoſe; and a ſtrange influence, I know not how to deſcribe or term it, ſtole over my mind; it was like the calm induced by an opiate, without its heavineſs; a ſtillneſs of heart, a quiet of limbs, a peacefulneſs of ſpirit, I had never found before. Oh! what a ſcene did it forerun;—perhaps prepared me better to endure.—If there are guardian powers, who ſuggeſt to mortals holy inſpirations on approaching awful trials of their minds, ſuch a power now entered mine in kindly viſitation.

From this calm I was ſtartled by a kind of ſtruggle of voice that ſounded from my mother's bed: I aroſe alarmed; and ſaw her agitated by a convulſive motion—her countenance and eyes fixed. I flew to Frances for drops for aſſiſtance, and as I returned, her groan-like ſighs of recovering ſenſe, pierced my ears—my ſoul. I threw myſelf on my knees; I thought with a pang of maddening remorſe, on my ſelfiſh ſorrows, my cruel, uſeleſs, indirect reproaches to her, that had thus deeply moved her very ſoul, and ſhaken its frail and feeble body.—

'Oh, God!' I cried, 'Oh, God! ſpare my mother, ſpare her;—ſteep me in poverty, in diſgrace for ever after, but ſpare her a few days, a few hours, to ſpeak peace to my heart, to tell it, *I* have not murdered her. To ſee my tears, my love, my veneration for her, which ſullen deſpair clouded, but which nothing could deſtroy.'

Her deeper groans again ſtruck my terrified heart, I deſperately approached her bed-ſide. Oh, God! that puniſhes, that tries——*what* I felt! her lovely face was diſtorted, and recollection but faintly returned. She looked up at me; it was a look, age, nor time, nor aught on earth or heaven, can ever eraſe from my memory. I claſped my hands in agony, and implored again a reſpite, a little reſpite of her life, and a full return of reaſon and compoſure ere ſhe departed for ever. Eternal God! that granted this earneſt prayer of my ſoul; ever, and for ever, will I bleſs thy goodneſs; ever pour thankſgiving for it. No chaſtiſement but ſuch as *that* would have inflicted, is bitter beyond endurance. *That* thou *didſt* ſpare me, and all elſe I have in gratitude ſtrove to bear as a man, and as thy creature.

Morning dawned—The convulſions were paſt, but not her danger. Her phyſician ordered her an opiate, and ſhe ſlept a little. She awoke compoſed, and aſked for me. I heard her voice with rapture, and flew to her bed. Her arms opened to me, her boſom received my tears of tranſport and thankfulneſs. I kiſſed her hands, I knelt, I vowed to her to *be happy*; yes, ſupremely happy, never to murmur or repine, if ſhe would ſtrive to live, to reſtore herſelf to me. 'See, ſee my mother, *how* I love you; for oh! you *are* ſpared, and *I grieve no more*, I have *no cauſe for grief*; I loſe all ſenſe of ill in your reſtoration. Do you not love *me*, my mother?'

'Love you!' ſhe repeated with ſuch a tone of tenderneſs—'Oh my ſon, how have I loved you! How do I now love and pity you. You have brought me from the very ſhades of death; brought me back to teach you how to loſe me. For I died, Archibald, laſt night—I felt I died; but your cries reached me in darkneſs; your lamentation too, my Frances, my children, ye forced me back. Oh, unhappy ſpirited, yet good young man! Devoted to melancholy, to violent or corroding paſſions; ſcourged for their indulgence by the after examinations of reaſon; by the ſentence of immoveably virtuous principle; Oh, my ſon! be cheared by hope; by religious hope, that can alone replace to your ardent aſpiring nature, thoſe poſſeſſions it was my duty to wreſt from you, under our moſt peculiar, moſt unfortunate circumſtances.

'Of theſe circumſtances, hear now my ſentiments in a moment when conſcience cannot deceive itſelf. That I have dealt ſeverely with you, I confeſs; but at this very moment, I feel I ought not to have dealt otherwiſe. I erred when I firſt eloped with lord Henry, of whom I knew no more than his name, his rank, his graces; and his to me then, intereſting dejection. Had I been firm againſt the marriage propoſed to me; had I reſiſted both perſuaſion and anger when it tyrannized, I had done well. But when I truſted my fame, my honour, my happineſs in clandeſtine flight with lord H. Sedley, I incurred the chance of the misfortune that did overwhelm

me. I was *deceived* in the *honour I truſted*; paſſion determined him to be juſt to me—but how could *he* be juſt to one woman, who was not ſo to another? The laws might pronounce him a free-man, but his conſcience could not confirm the decree. I felt too late my folly, my impetuous folly and imprudence. I could not alter, I could only modify circumſtances; I inflicted on myſelf the penance of bowing to a rival's rights; of ſubjugating my children to her's. Think you this taſk was eaſy? Oh, no!' cried ſhe, rapturouſly looking to heaven—'Oh! no—witneſs thou what it coſt me.'

'Oh! pity me and forbear,' cried Frances, in a ſmothered voice.

'I do pity you, my darling Frances; but in *your* heart untold ſources of compoſure will ſpring; for you were born gifted with content; and reaſon ever regulates your feelings.'

My tears were my only language—my only reply; but reſolution, not tears, were now neceſſary. I petitioned for ſtrength of mind, and God beſtowed it. Weak as I felt before, I ſat up night and day without wearineſs——Frances and I never quitted her—Tears ceaſed, for this was a ſcene too awful for tears, too wretched for uttered lamentation; yet in deſpair I hoped, ſure I *hoped* recovery, ſure I believed it *poſſible*, or could I have maintained compoſure? The next day, ſhe ſeemed leſs weak, and ſaid to me, faintly ſmiling—

'How could my ſoldier learn this delicate, this ſkilful management of the ſick and *wounded?*' The laſt word was but inwardly aſpirated; and made me feel ſhe had a wound beyond all earthly reach.

'From your danger, adored woman;' cried I paſſionately—'from your ſufferings I learned that, and much more; I learned that all I have endured, or can endure is light, compared with your loſs; and while you are left to me, I can bear, can perform all you enjoin.'

Oh! what a look of the mother, mingled with the regard of a pitying ſaint, beamed now on me; what a fond embrace! What a holy kiſs!—ſhe then ſaid—

'My ſon, my darling Archibald, learn to loſe me—I will teach you how—I go from worldly adverſity and mental pain. I hope,' and ſhe raiſed her eyes to heaven, 'I hope I go to a good exchange. Think, you made my dying hour eaſy, nay ſweet, and happy.—Think, in life you never diſobeyed me;—no, not even in misfortune and diſcredit I *brought upon you*. Think I never bluſhed for you; never ſorrowed through your fault—That I now call you my ſon, my beloved ſon; the ſon of honour and of rectitude.'

Even here my heart did not break, convulſed it was with agony, but I maſtered the utterance of its pains, and ſaid calmly, for I would not diſturb her divinely calmed ſpirit:—

'Saint, mother, bleſſed woman! I ſubmit; I *am* taught. Let us then part with hope of better exiſtence; of eternal union there. Let us not loſe a moment of each other here.' She preſſed my hand, and I held hers to my agonized heart. She had deſired my brothers and lady Clavington to be ſent for.—They now came in—and, for the firſt time ſince viſited by affliction, I embraced them with affection, unmixed by one jarring ſenſation. She addreſſed them tenderly, yet cheerfully. Enjoined us to love each other for her ſake—ſaid much to them, but ſtill bent her gaze on me. She kiſſed them each and bleſſed them. She bade them, if ever a doubt aroſe in their mind hereafter as to her conduct by them, to remember this hour. —After ſome pauſe, ſhe ſaid—

'There are ſome *forms* true devotion is reſtrained by, and that would now diſturb me. I would pray, but I want now only my childrens prayers. —Bring me no clergyman: my record is *made*, and cannot now be reviſed. I die loving all I ever loved, and hating none. I never felt hate but to *one*, and him I now forgive,

and am ſorry I ever hated even Owen; the hate was but a moment's; it died when he ſubmitted. My Archibald! could you read prayers for your mother?

A ſpaſm ſeized my throat, and I could not anſwer. She ſaw my diſtreſs, and looking pitifully on me—— ſaid tenderly—

'I ſee it is too much—you cannot—Well, then, my beloved Frances, *can you?*'

Frances took up the prayer-book and opened it, with an aſſumed command over herſelf that piety inſpired; ſhe read a little, but her voice failed; her eyes ſtreamed as ſhe prayed for her parent, her friend, in form of one departed. All were equally now affected.

Come then; *I* will pray for *all?*—ſaid the dying heroine.

She began from memory, and without a ſingle falter or confuſion, uttered two or three fervent ſuitable prayers. I was ſilent, I was ſtupid, while her voice ſounded. But when ſhe ceaſed her ſolemn addreſs, the thought that ſhe would *no more* in this world converſe with her Maker; that *I* ſhould never more communicate with her in the ſacred duties of religion; —that this was our laſt ſcene on earth together, became inſupportable—I loſt all firmneſs, and was for ſome time abandoned to loud and violent ſorrow. Her voice trembling, petitioned me to *ſpare her.*—I was again awed; again ſubdued—'There will be time enough,' I ſaid mentally—'to lament her—a life—*my miſerable life.* I will now ſuſtain her, that ſhe may remain the longer with me.' I calmed myſelf by a ſtrong effort, and going over to her, laid myſelf along on the bed beſide her, our arms round each other. From this poſture I never moved, except when it was to give her ſome medicine or ſome refreſhment. To the laſt, we neglected no probable, no fancied, no experimental remedy; and ſhe, dear ſaint, to ſatisfy us, took every thing we offered: and when I once told her, I feared the draught was nauſeous; ſhe ſaid, 'It became a grateful cordial in the hand of ſo tender a ſon.'

We ſpoke but little in words; ſhe ſaid once—'But my Archibald, who nurſes your wound? My ſlender ſhadow—dear ſhape of comfort to *my* ſick bed; never, never abſent: but *who* will watch *thine?*' I preſſed her cloſer, but could not ſpeak—again ſhe ſaid—

'We were like two fine jars I once had of brittle earth;—China, you know, my love—they ſtood too cloſe, and broke each other.'

I was ſurpriſed ſhe never ſpoke of the duke; never aſked to ſee him; and to a whiſper of Frances, that I knew was on the ſubject, replied—'That pang is already paſt; I could not ſupport it again—

At laſt, 'Archibald,' ſaid ſhe, 'the opiate makes me heavy, and fanciful; I ſee white robed boys playing round my bed: if you will try to ſleep, I am ſure I ſhall; and then we ſhall be ſtronger for what is to come.' At her entreaty I embraced her, and returned to the couch.—I was awoke by Frances, who whiſpered me to ariſe, and follow her for a moment. I did ſo, and looking to her face, I ſaw her tidings, that all was over. Now we might lament indeed: Oh! how was ſhe lamented!—How often I returned to her room to take one look, but my heart died at every attempt; I could not—I never ſaw her more. But in dreams I ſtill ſee and diſcourſe with her; in memory I view and retrace her; at her recollection pour my tears of regret and veneration, of never dying love and gratitude. I have led you, my children, when infants, to kneel at the white marble ſhrine, that ſtands ſilent and unlettered, dedicated to her in the deep grove of Glenroſs. Her ſtory, her virtues, were beyond the telling; they are engraven in my heart, her living monument—devoted to her perpetual worſhip. My mother, you ſtill live in that heart, and ſhall only depart from it when its laſt pulſe beats.

We are not now entirely ſeparated; in ſpirit we ſtill communicate; in eternity we ſhall be reunited.

Her watch ſtill talks to me of her; its beating ſtrangely ſoothes me in night and ſolitude; it is the low utterings of a gift from one departed; it is a voice that from her tomb ſtill ſpeaks of her love and of the fondneſs of her eyes, when ſhe firſt gratified my boyiſh heart by the preſent.

This memorial of my mother's dying ſcene, I wrote when I was firſt able to take up a pen after her interment. When any fierce paſſion—when any turbulent recollection aroſe, I read it, and was again ſubdued as at the moment I firſt put it to paper. Frances, when ſhe ſaw me able to travel, adviſed me again to join my regiment, and ſoon after I obtained a majority. On my next return to England, I met you my good, my amiable, my beloved wife; your father became all to me in place of him nature gave, and fortune took away. He *purchaſed* for me Glenroſs. He knew all my ſtory, and chid me not that I would not owe it to the duke or his ſons;—they complied with this ſole requeſt I ever made to them, and gave me on my own terms, the place I moſt loved of all the dwellings of my eventful life.

You now underſtand, my wife, why I called our child Frances; I loved ever that ſiſter tenderly; for ſhe loved, and was beloved, enthuſiaſtically by my mother. I could not—and why, I know not, call one of our girls Maria. It is a name I cannot utter in common uſe; a name ever near my heart; but a name, if you will, too ſacred to utter often.

Our daughter Frances, is in perſon what my mother was. I once thought ſhe poſſeſſed her tenderneſs, and dreaded her beauty, like her's, might lead to ſorrow; but alas! her form alone, I fear, belongs to Frances. Her mind, my Helen, is more nearly traced in your's; that energy; that ſudden impulſe to good; that too precipitate deciſion about the apparent means. Oh! be warned by her fate, that truth, rectitude, and all the firſt virtues of woman, prompted by *ſenſibility* alone, unleſs reaſon regulates the movement, hurries more often to miſery than comfort. But if her errors unhappily revive in you, oh! let virtues like her's be the barriers of your heart againſt vice or ſelfiſhneſs. If like her you are to be unhappy; like her maintain the integrity that can make even afflicted life dignified, and a ſudden death peaceful to yourſelf—profitable to ſuch as behold it.

For men even, exceſſes of feeling are misfortunes; for women deadly ſnares. They lead the weak to guilt, and even the wiſeſt to trouble. Benevolence, charity, pity, all the gentle influences of humanity, I ſupplicate for my offſpring. But defend them, heaven, from the dangerous ſeductions of paſſion clothed in the falſe draperies the imaginations of men has made alluring. We pray 'againſt hardneſs of heart;' it is an evil; and may ours never be ſo defended from pain. But be it our equal prayer they may not become ſo enervated by fictitious feelings, as to be unable to reſiſt temptation.

You have now before you my whole ſtory, and I hope the wife will find in it ſome palliation for the infirmities of my nature and temper. Some reaſons why you have ſeen me ſhed tears when ſons were born to me; I could have wiſhed to be parent only to daughters.

Perhaps now Helen forgives my chiding her refuſal of Sedley; it was a fooliſh wiſh; yet it aroſe at the criſis to my mind to call my grandchildren Sedleys.

Adieu mother and daughter; dear names, dear beings; heaven bleſs and watch over you.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* METHOD *to be purſued in* READING HISTORY.

[From Miſs Hamilton's Letters on Education, vol. 2.]

YOUR obſervations, my deareſt friend, convince me, that I have not ſufficiently explained myſelf, with regard to the uſe of hiſtory in early education. My objection to abridgements does not, as you ſuppoſe, extend to thoſe little nurſery catalogues of kings and queens, whether in verſe or proſe. I think, on the contrary, that ſuch chronological epitomes, committed to memory at that period when words are moſt eaſily retained in it, may be of great advantage. This can never be miſtaken for a knowledge of hiſtory; which, I fear, a ſuperficial acquaintance with the contents of larger abridgements very frequently is. You ſay that 'it is impoſſible for children to read voluminous hiſtories at a very early age;' and I entirely agree in your opinion.

I ſpoke of hiſtory, as affording ſtriking examples of the truth of the propoſition concerning cauſe and effect, upon which I ſuppoſed the judgment to have been for ſome time exerciſed. From the whole ſcope and tenor of my argument, it will appear ſufficiently obvious, that I adopt, as a fundamental principle, the impoſſibility of any exerciſe of judgment, where there are not clear and diſtinct conceptions. But there may be very clear and diſtinct conceptions of the cauſes and conſequences of particular events, and the mind may be capable of forming very juſt and accurate ideas concerning particular inſtances of human conduct, long before it is capable of embracing a ſeries of complicated and ſucceſſive events. Long before it has ſtrength to wield the maſſy chain, it may be capable of examining an individual link.

Hence it appears to me, that the judgment will be exerciſed to more advantage, by a minute inveſtigation of a detached period of hiſtory, judiciouſly choſen, than by the peruſal of the abridged hiſtory of ages. Fully appriſed of the narrow limits of its information, the mind will be in no danger of that ſhallow conceit which conſtantly attends the ſuperficial. It will be prompted to acquire further knowledge for itſelf; and, by having been put upon the method of exerciſing judgment upon every ſubject it inveſtigates, its enquiries will never fail to be attended with advantage.

Againſt the morality of the tales of inſtruction now in general uſe, I make no objection; becauſe, whether theſe fictitious repreſentations of events be moral or otherwiſe, they are alike inimical to our deſign of cultivating the faculties according to the order in which they are developed by the hand of nature.

I hope I have made it plainly appear, that judgment is coeval with the faculty of conception; and that both faculties muſt be cultivated by means of the external ſenſes. But fancy or imagination has a diſtinct and peculiar province; and I ſhall endeavour to ſhow, that if judgment has not been ſufficiently ſtrengthened before the powers of fancy are called into exerciſe, there is little reaſon to hope that the faculty of judgment will ever afterward attain perfection. Now, by far the greater number of entertaining ſtories which I have ever read, are addreſſed ſolely to the imagination. They may produce ſenſations favourable to the cultivation of the affections; but the judgment, ſo far from receiving any improvement from their peruſal, muſt be lulled aſleep, before the fancy is ſufficiently awakened to follow the ſtory. When, indeed, the judgment has been previouſly exerciſed upon firſt principles, ſo as to have clear and diſtinct notions of cauſe and effect, it will be competent to decide on the probability or improbability of ſuppoſed events;

and from the impulſe of the moral ſenſe, the mind will take pleaſure in contemplating the laws of poetical juſtice. But where the vain attempt is made to impreſs firſt principles upon the mind by means of fictions addreſſed to the imagination, the judgment will take no part in the deciſion. By a ſucceſſion of theſe intereſting tales, the minds of the quick and ardent will be filled with wild and incoherent images, falſe aſſociations, romantic ideas—and imprudent conduct will be the certain reſult. Nor will the conſequence be leſs fatal to the ſlow and indolent: conſcious of the languid flow of their ideas, they have much gratification in whatever, without exertion on their parts, accelerates their courſe. To children of this deſcription, therefore, books of amuſement are thought particularly uſeful. But would we give ourſelves the trouble to examine a little further than the ſurface, we would be convinced that the great object with reſpect to ſuch minds is to rouſe them to an active exertion of their faculties; whereas, by merely following the tale of fancy, they indulge the inclination to indolence.

While I thus expreſs my diſapprobation of thoſe fictions which ſtimulate the imagination, while they retard the operation of judgment; it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething of thoſe which are addreſſed to the judgment, and manifeſtly aim at its improvement. Fictions of this nature are nothing more than examples tending to elucidate propoſitions ſubmitted to the judgment, by placing them in a conſpicuous point of view. They ought, of neceſſity, to be ſimple, clear, and perſpicuous. Such were the parables by which our bleſſed Lord vouchſafed to inſtruct his unenlightened auditors; every one of which will, upon examination, be found to be excluſively addreſſed to the judgment. Let the learned reader compare with theſe the wild fictions of the Koran, which are all addreſſed to the imagination; and while he ſees in the former the manifeſtations of Divine wiſdom, let him be careful not to follow the method of inſtruction of which the latter is a model.

To educate youth by means of pretty ſtories, though a ſyſtem which has been but lately introduced into this country, has been for ages practiſed by all the Oriental nations. Let us look to its effects on the inhabitants of Aſia. What vigour of intellect, what ſtrength of genius, has it there produced? Let us behold its operations in the imbecility and indolence that marks the Eaſtern character: and with ſuch glaring proofs of its fatal conſequences before our eyes, let us beware of enfeebling the minds of the riſing generation by a ſimilar procedure.

The ſwarm of heterogeneous abſurdities that daily iſſue from the preſs under the appellation of Novels, would (if any had ſufficient command of patience for inveſtigating their contents) afford the moſt convincing proof of the effects produced upon the mind by calling forth the imagination, while the powers of judgment are ſuffered to lie dormant. In theſe writers, we behold the powers of fancy employed in making the moſt abſurd combinations from the few confuſed and inaccurate ideas they happen to poſſeſs. We ſee invention on the ſtretch to produce effects to which the cauſes aſſigned are totally inadequate; the laws of nature violated; the courſe of the paſſions miſrepreſented; the principles of morality ſet at defiance; and the whole mixed up with a jargon of ſentiment, which is incomprehenſible to plain common ſenſe. Yet ſo voracious is the appetite for novelty in thoſe who have never been taught the exerciſe of judgment, that ſuch books are read, aye, *and none but ſuch*, by numbers of young women, who hope in due time to become the mothers of hopeful families!

The train of ideas introduced into the mind by the hyperbolical language of fiction, is found ſo agreeable to the young, ſo favourable to the in-

dulgence of that luxurious indolence, to which moſt have ſome propenſity; that it is no wonder that minds, to which ſuch trains of ideas have become habitual, ſhould find it difficult, if not impoſſible, to turn the current of thought into other channels. Now nothing can be more evident, than that every proceſs of reaſoning, whether on the nature of material objects, or upon ſubjects of ſpeculation, requires a train of thought, a ſeries of diſtinct and clear ideas; and I leave it for you to decide, whether it is by accuſtoming the mind to the train of thought produced by fiction, that it can be beſt prepared for this exerciſe of the intellectual powers. Is there not rather ſome reaſon to apprehend, that minds, which, inſtead of having had the perceptions exerciſed on ſenſible objects, and the powers of conception and judgment gradually unfolded by the ſame means, have been taught all they know through the medium of the imagination, will never through life exerciſe any other faculty? All the ideas of right and wrong, juſt and unjuſt, probable and improbable, will be tinged with the falſe colouring imperceptibly received from the train of incongruous and fictitious images perpetually paſſing through the mind. But where the reaſoning powers have been habitually exerciſed on adequate objects, the train of ideas, which occupy the fancy, will no longer be of the nature of unprofitable or pernicious viſions; they will be the parents of genius, of invention, of exalted purpoſes, of good reſolutions, and of meritorious conduct.

The cultivation of judgment, ſo far from preſenting any obſtacle to the enjoyment of the pleaſures of imagination, is abſolutely neceſſary toward their being enjoyed in any ſuperior degree. Who would compare the pleaſure enjoyed by a cultivated mind in peruſing the exquiſite compoſitions of a Homer, a Shakſpeare, or a Milton, to that which a novel-reading miſs receives from the eventful tale that beguiles her of her midnight ſlumber? Nay, laying theſe higher works of genius out of the queſtion, let us ſuppoſe two young people employed in reading one of miſs Burney's admirable pictures of life (which, for want of an appropriate term, likewiſe go under the denomination of Novels) and that one of theſe young perſons has had her mind furniſhed with ideas, her conceptions vigorous and acute, her judgment ſtrengthened by exerciſe, and her affections governed by the well-examined principles of moral rectitude; while the other, inſtructed by means of fiction, has had her ſenſibilities exerciſed while judgment was ſuffered to lie dormant, her conceptions weak, her ideas few and confuſed, and her moral principles mere feelings directed by prejudice. The love of novelty is equally ſtrong in both; both purſue the thread of the ſtory with equal ardour. But in the courſe of the peruſal, how many ſources of pleaſure are open to the one, which, to the other, are totally unknown. With admiration the one contemplates the genius diſplayed in the conduct of the fable; the marks each trait of character, enters into the train of aſſociations by which it is produced, obſerves how naturally they ſpring from the ſituation of the perſon deſcribed; and perceives how juſtly the author has pourtrayed the inevitable conſequences of the conduct to which they lead. Every ſentiment, every moral reflection, attracts her notice, and calls forth the powers of judgment. Her vigorous conceptions embrace every idea of the author, and her cultivated mind feels all the exquiſite emotions of taſte.—A thouſand images which have called forth theſe emotions in her ſoul, have paſſed unnoticed by her companion. To the fate of the lovers her intereſt is ſolely confined, and every thing that protracts the knowledge of their deſtiny, to her appears tedious and impertinent. She receives not from the work one idea in addition to her ſlender ſtock; and when once her curi-

oſity has been gratified by the *denouement*, her mind is completely vacated, or only filled with ſome fleeting images of viſionary bliſs.

Where trains of thought romantic and unprofitable occupy the imagination, they frequently acquire ſuch power over the attention as to render its exertion upon preſent objects quite impoſſible. Abſence of mind is not a failing peculiar to thoſe who are deeply engaged in abſtract ſtudies and purſuits; it is common to all who have had the faculty of attention early and properly cultivated. Where it has thus been cultivated, every common occurrence of life, every topic of converſation, every new object which preſents itſelf to the eye, every ſound which ſtrikes the ear, is diſtinctly diſcriminated, and becomes the ſource of new ideas; but wherever, by the early exerciſe of imagination, the mind has acquired the habit of indulging in viſionary reveries, it neither ſees, hears, underſtands, marks, nor inwardly digeſts, what paſſes around it. Of this abſence of mind we muſt have obſerved innumerable inſtances; and may, at little expence of reflection, be made fully ſenſible, that it muſt preſent a fatal obſtacle to all intellectual improvement. Where the conceptions and the judgment have been early exerciſed on the objects of perception, I believe this abſence of mind will rarely be met with. Where they have not been thus exerciſed, I believe it to be inevitable.

Suppoſing that the faculty of judgment has been exerciſed in your pupil ſo as to have attained to ſome degree of ſtrength, it will ſtill be ſubject to perverſion from many cauſes internal and external, which it is the particular buſineſs of the preceptor to guard againſt. Of theſe corruptors of the judgment, it will be ſufficient for our preſent purpoſe to mention thoſe which are moſt likely to aſſault it in the early ſtage of which we now treat; recommending it to the reader who wiſhes for fuller information upon this important ſubject, to conſult doctor Iſaac Watts, who, in his Eſſay on Logic, or the Right Uſe of Reaſon, has given a very ſatisfactory view of the ſeveral cauſes by which the judgment is liable to be perverted.

I have all along inſiſted upon the neceſſity of cultivating the faculties of conception and judgment, by means of a ſtrict attention to ſenſible objects. But if care be not taken to point out the fallacy of the ſenſes, or to ſpeak more properly, to ſhow the extent of their power, our pupils may be led into many errors by putting too much confidence in their perceptions.

By truſting to the evidence of ſenſe, mankind, in the infancy of ſcience, judged the world to be an extenſive plain: the ſun to be a ſmall luminous body which roſe from behind a high mountain, or from the boſom of the ocean, and performed its daily journey through the heavens; and the moon and the ſtars to be of the ſame inſignificant magnitude as they appeared to the naked eye. And though more enlightened notions concerning the heavenly bodies are now made familiar to children, even in the nurſery, than was formerly known to ſages; ſtill, by truſting to the evidence of their ſenſes, children are liable to errors of judgment, which, if not attended to, may lay the foundation of future prejudices. Theſe a truly liberal education will doubtleſs deſtroy. But if once theſe prejudices have taken root in the mind, it is not by going through the common routine of *accompliſhments* that they will ever be extirpated.

The credulity natural to youth is another fruitful ſource of erroneous judgment. It will act with particular force upon minds that have never been accuſtomed to the actual examination of ſenſible objects. It is only the imbecility of ignorance, or the vanity of ſcepticiſm, that ſuppoſes any thing to exiſt without a cauſe. A ſenſible child will ſoon be convinced that it is impoſſible: and the mind cannot be better exerciſed in early life, than in diſcovering the cauſes of appearances

with which it is familiar, but for which it knows not how to account. A boy obſerves that his top ſpins as long as it is kept in motion; tell him, when he aſks you why it does ſo, 'that it is the nature of all tops,' or that 'it ſpins becauſe it is whipped,' and you lay the foundation for indifference or credulity. But if, inſtead of giving theſe fooliſh anſwers, you explain the real cauſe, and teach him to look out for ſimilar examples of the operation of the laws of gravitation, you will probably be doing the faculty of judgment a greater ſervice than it could have received from the longeſt and moſt laborious taſk.

On the EDUCATION *of* LADIES *in* FORMER TIMES.

[From the Same.]

WHILE by the habits of ſociety women were confined to the narrow circle of domeſtic life, they received an education, which, if it did not tend to cultivate the judgment in any great degree, introduced thoſe aſſociations which made their reſting upon authority innocent at leaſt, if not ſalutary. To the character of a notable houſewife, an extraordinary needlewoman, and a careful mother, they attached ideas of reſpectability and praiſe. Their theological, their political, and even their moral opinions they received from their natural or ghoſtly fathers, 'nothing doubting;' and as their attention was ſolely occupied in the narrow ſphere of their perceptive faculties, it is not to be ſuppoſed that they troubled themſelves with much enquiry. If the higher powers of the mind were not called forth; the firſt and moſt eſſential faculties were ſo cultivated as to produce that equality which is always favourable to the production of common ſenſe; and in the early cultivation of theſe firſt faculties, a foundation was laid for the perfection of all the higher powers of the mind, wherever a ſuperior degree of mental culture was beſtowed. Of this we have a deciſive proof in the many illuſtrious inſtances of female learning and genius, which adorned the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth centuries.

It was not by means of pretty ſtory-books, abridgements, and beauties of hiſtory, nor yet by ſcraps of poetry ſelected from the beſt authors, that a lady Jane Gray, or a lady Anne Aſkew, attained thoſe high accompliſhments, and that intellectual energy, which has rendered them the admiration of ſucceeding ages.

The early education of thoſe celebrated examples of female wiſdom and virtue was, probably, in many reſpects, the ſame as their contemporaries. Their perceptive faculties were cultivated in infancy by attention. As a means of cultivating attention, needle-work deſerves a higher place in our eſtimation than it at preſent holds; and the ſpecies of needlework at that period in vogue was well calculated to anſwer this important end. That the taſte would be improved by contemplating the abſurd and groteſque figures which were then copied, I do not pretend to affirm; but as taſte is the offſpring of judgment and imagination, faculties which do not unfold themſelves till after conception has attained ſtrength and vigour, their improvement is the buſineſs of an after-period; whereas *attention*, being abſolutely neceſſary toward the exerciſe of the firſt and moſt eſſential powers of the mind, cannot be too ſoon or too aſſiduouſly cultivated. And how can the power of attention be more effectually called forth, than in copying minute objects, where every thread muſt be counted with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs, where every colour muſt be matched with the moſt critical ſkill?

We view with contempt the taſteleſs labours of our great grandmothers; but let us remember, that in working the little gold-coloured dog,

which was, perhaps, placed beſide a ſtrawberry of ſix times his dimenſions, and in labouring the feathers of the ſhapeleſs peacock, which ſtood up like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine,' habits of attention and of application were acquired, which were of no ſmall uſe in the culture of all the ſuperior faculties. Had the originals from which they copied been more true to nature, ſtill greater advantages would undoubtedly have accrued from this exerciſe of attention; but whatever calls this power into exerciſe in early life, muſt be eſſentially uſeful to the human mind. In this reſpect the abovementioned ſpecies of needle-work, ridiculous as it may appear, had a manifeſt advantage over thoſe ſlighter, though more elegant productions, which require ſo little attention as to be executed almoſt mechanically. Theſe ſeldom fail to produce habits of mental inactivity. They may be employed as ſedatives to ardent minds, but will always be found injurious to the ſlow and torpid.

Another important advantage, peculiar to the high-born females of former times, was derived from thoſe aſſociations of which I have already taken notice. Ideas of glory were not then attached to every ſpecies of ſingularity that can be atchieved by impudence or folly. They were connected with ſelf-approbation, and the eſteem of the worthy and the wiſe. An attention to domeſtic duties was then deemed honorable, an aſſociation which no attainment in the walks of literature could diſſolve; it maintained its aſcendancy in the minds of the learned, and was a lamp to the path of the illiterate.

Another great advantage theſe ladies enjoyed, in the very limited number of books they had it in their power to read. This circumſtance produced ſuch frequent and attentive peruſal of the few good authors they poſſeſſed, that they became miſtreſſes of every ſubject on which they treated. Inſtead of confuſed and imperfect notions of the author's meaning, their conceptions were clear and accurate; and where there are clear and accurate conceptions, the judgment will be ſound and vigorous.

In the acquirement of the learned languages theſe ladies had many advantages; the very proceſs gone through in attaining them is favourable to arrangement of ideas, and highly inſtrumental in giving that clear conception of the meaning of words, which is ſo eſſential to every ſpecies of intellectual improvement. By their intimate acquaintance with the poets, the philoſophers, and the orators of antiquity, we find the uſe they made of the key of thoſe treaſures of ancient learning, to which the moderns have been ſo much indebted for their moſt brilliant thoughts. But while poſſeſſed of all this knowledge, we find that the ſtudy of the important doctrines and precepts of Chriſtianity occupied the firſt place in their attention. The human mind had then been but lately emancipated from thoſe chains by which the Romiſh church had ſo long held her votaries in ſubjection: upon the points in diſpute it was then the faſhion to exerciſe the judgment; and the many great and vigorous minds which were then produced, plainly ſhow that the judgment is never exerciſed in vain.

A minute inveſtigation into the manner in which theſe ladies performed the relative and domeſtic duties of life, would ſerve to convince us, that it is not by a careful cultivation of all the faculties, by extenſive knowledge, or claſſical learning, that women are in danger of being led from the duties of their proper ſphere. No. It is from the ſilly vanity which is a conſequence of the partial cultivation of the intellectual powers, from falſe aſſociations, which annex ideas of importance to what is trifling and inſignificant, and which connect ideas of glory with the ſilly admiration of fools and coxcombs —that the mind is effectually perverted. And whence are theſe falſe aſſociations derived? By ſeriouſly reflecting on the tenor of the ideas which modern education is calculated to produce, the queſtion may be eaſily reſolved!

Observations *on the* Manner *in which the* Spider *ſpins its* Web. *By* M. C. G. Lehmann.

IT muſt be allowed by thoſe who have any knowledge of entomology, that the natural hiſtory of ſpiders has been much neglected; for, notwithſtanding the great progreſs which has been made in that ſcience, we are as yet very little acquainted with the organiſation, mode of life, and propagation of the moſt common kinds of theſe animals; and many ſpecies make a figure in our ſyſtems and cabinets which differ from each other only by their age or their ſex. Theſe inſects, ſo remarkable on account of their induſtry and manner of life, are viewed with a ſort of contempt and averſion, which would be inexplicable did we not know the great power of thoſe impreſſions and prejudices which we receive in our youth. Theſe in general are communicated to us by people who are the leaſt qualified to give the mind that direction neceſſary for the purpoſes of life, and who in particular ſeem to have united to inſpire us with a dread of ſpiders. Hence the complaint of ſo many naturaliſts, that this averſion always deters them from obſerving and accurately examining theſe inſects; and thoſe who have undertaken to do ſo have generally been obliged to take a great deal of trouble to overcome this antipathy *.

But however much mankind may have beheld with averſion ſpiders and other vermin, they could not help admiring the ingenuity of the latter in ſpinning their webs, and the order and regularity diſplayed in theſe productions. As far back therefore as natural hiſtory can be traced, in the time of Ariſtotle, and in the fragments of his predeceſſor †, we find, if not accurate deſcriptions, at leaſt ſome mention of the labours of this inſect. In like manner, the moderns have thought the ſpider's web worthy of their attention; and it might conſequently have been expected from the accuracy of our naturaliſts, that they would have given us more minute and completer deſcriptions. This ought to have been the caſe in particular with the web of the croſs-ſpider, one of the moſt ſtriking and moſt remarkable. I have ſeveral times read ſuch deſcriptions, and ſtudied them with pleaſure, becauſe agreeable to nature; but always found this general complaint, that it is ſtill a ſecret in what manner the croſs ſpider extends its firſt thread, in order that, when it has been faſtened, it may have a field for carrying on its work. It is well known that the croſs-ſpider diſpoſes its web in a more or leſs perpendicular direction in ſome open place. Thus, for example, we often find in a window four or five threads ſtretched from one ſide to the other; from theſe ſeveral radii proceed to a common centre; and around this centre, at a diſtance which may be eſtimated in general at a few lines, there are ſeveral concentric circles, each progreſſively larger; in the middle of which the ſpider places itſelf concealed, to wait until ſome inſect becomes entangled in theſe threads, when it immediately ruſhes forth and ſeizes its prey. Thus far the explanation of the proceſs which the ſpider em-

* It is of importance to conſider by what means that averſion commonly called natural, and which is merely the reſult of improper education, can be overcome. Roſel accuſtomed himſelf to view theſe inſects firſt at a diſtance. He then conſidered their webs; and at laſt looked at the inſects themſelves through a microſcope. Goze firſt viewed individual parts of ſpiders, ſuch as the legs, head, &c. till he was at length able to look without any ſentiment of averſion at the entire inſect. Both theſe naturaliſts, by long habit, ſo far overcame this averſion, that they could handle and examine ſpiders with the ſame indifference as others can flies.

† Democritus. See Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. ii. cap. 24.

ploys is very eaſy, eſpecially as it is known that this inſect, wherever it goes, marks its way by a thread, which it leaves behind it; and that this thread, on account of its viſcoſity, can always be made faſt to any object, when the ſpider only preſſes it a little, or moiſtens it with a drop of its viſcous liquid.

But theſe webs are commonly found in foreſts and woods, often on the high branches of different trees, not unfrequently ſuſpended between the roofs of different houſes ſtanding near each other, and even often extended over ſtreams and ponds of water, ſo that it is impoſſible to conceive how the ſpider could proceed from the one point to the other, in order to eſtabliſh her firſt thread, and to faſten to it the different radii. Some have endeavoured to account for this circumſtance by the moſt ſingular ſuppoſitions, as is commonly the caſe when philoſophers attempt to explain the phenomena of nature before they have examined them with ſufficient accuracy; but I ſhall not here trouble the reader with theſe hypotheſes, which contradict themſelves *. Accident, to which we are indebted for moſt of our diſcoveries, particularly in natural hiſtory, though we are unwilling to allow it any ſhare in our diſcoveries, gave me an opportunity of making an obſervation which decides the above queſtion. On a warm ſummer's evening I ſaw a croſs-ſpider (*aranea diadema*) let herſelf ſpeedily down from a branch of a tree by her uſual thread; and at the ſame time a multitude of ſimilar threads, which had their origin at the ſame place as the other, floated around; while the air, which was not perceptible to my ſenſes, carried them to a conſiderable diſtance, and even a conſiderable height. Though I approached with the utmoſt gentleneſs, the direction of the floating threads was immediately changed, and in a moment they had reached a neighbouring branch, to which they adhered. The ſpider ſoon obſerved that her floating threads had reached a fixed point, and immediately clambered up to them, having thus given me an opportunity of ſeeing the ſecret of the commencement of her ingenious labour. Guided by this trace, it was now eaſy for me to make my obſervations with greater accuracy; and the reſult of them is as follows. When a ſpider is deſirous of proceeding to a diſtant place, ſhe ſuddenly lets herſelf down by a pretty ſtrong thread, and at the ſame time draws one of her hind legs over the glandular parts which contain the materials of her web. By theſe means ſhe forces from them a great number of ſmall threads, and configns them to the air; which, on account of their ſpecific lightneſs, makes them float, ſo that they remain at that height at which the ſpider firſt throws them out. As ſhe then ſuddenly ſinks down in a retrograde direction, the firſt ones are extended to a conſiderable length.

But if the leaſt breath of air then takes place, they are thereby carried to a conſiderable diſtance, and ſtill become longer, as the inſect can then ſpin them out at pleaſure from her receptacles; ſo that they ſoon find ſome object to which, on account of their viſcoſity, they adhere. The ſpider then clambers up to them, ſtill keeping herſelf in connection with her firſt ſtation, as ſhe always carries with her the thread by which ſhe firſt let herſelf down, and faſtens the ſecond end of it when ſhe has reached a new point of reſt.

I have too little acquaintance with works on natural hiſtory to be able to determine whether this obſervation has before been made by others; but by ſome queſtions in the Hanoverian Magazine, and by private information of

* I ſhall only mention one.—Lifter in his *Hiſt. Animal. Angliæ*, which contains a great many important obſervations on ſpiders, explains this, as an *ejaculatio* filorum, endeavours to make it more evident, by comparing it to the manner in which the ſun emits his rays.

diſtinguiſhed naturaliſts, it appears that it is not generally known. But whether it be new, or may only ſerve to confirm what has been already remarked, I am happy that I have it in my power to point out to other ſearchers into nature how they may at all times be convinced of the truth of what I have here ſtated. If a perſon take a ſpider from its web, and places it on the hand, it will endeavour to eſcape from this warm object as a place of danger, and let itſelf down in the manner above deſcribed; but if one of the threads that float about in the air be laid hold of by the other hand, the ſpider ſuffers herſelf to be drawn over by it; and this experiment can be repeated ſeveral times, till at length, feared by being ſo often deceived, ſhe throws herſelf looſe, and ſuffers herſelf to fall to the ground.

To theſe obſervations on the manner in which the ſpider begins her web, I ſhall add ſome others, which indeed comprehend but a ſmall part of the important diſcoveries that Quatremere Disjonval pretends to have made; and reſpecting which, ſince the attention of naturaliſts is called to this ſubject, I hope to obtain further information. The account that various kinds of ſpiders foretell changes of the weather ſeveral days before they take place, excited my whole attention; and I was the more deſirous of ſtudying the araneology of the above obſerver, as I was always of opinion that thoſe inſects which have organs peculiarly adapted for perceiving changes in the ſtate of the air would be capable of giving us the beſt and earlieſt information reſpecting changes in the weather. It was impoſſible for me at firſt to procure Disjonval's work; and my curioſity began to be leſſened when I heard that no perſon was able to comprehend it. For this reaſon I reſolved to make obſervations myſelf; and with this view I collected a great many of the *aranea diadema* and *aranea domeſtica*, as the latter are thoſe which Disjonval muſt have had the beſt opportunity of obſerving when in priſon. The latter ſhowed no alteration in their web or their conduct, but in regard to the former I ſoon had an opportunity of making very important obſervations. I have already mentioned what every body knows, that this ſpider commonly ſits in the middle of its web. I now found that ſhe often extended a thread from the centre of her web, that is the uſual place of her reſidence, to the neareſt corner; in which ſhe concealed herſelf, inſtead of being in the web: and I always remarked, that this change was connected with a change of the weather, as all my croſs-ſpiders made the ſame change together; and immediately after the weather became very raw and cold. It is indeed very natural that thoſe inſects, when they have a preſenſation of bad weather, ſhould endeavour to ſhelter themſelves from it. But my obſervations were too much interrupted by buſineſs and various circumſtances, and I was too ill provided with good inſtruments for comparing the ſtate of the weather and of the atmoſphere, ſuch as barometers, thermometers, hygrometers, &c. to be able to ſay any thing deciſive on the ſubject. What I have ſaid will however furniſh a hint to others who may be diſpoſed to carry theſe reſearches further.

The ſame opportunity enabled me to make another obſervation, of which I do not recollect ever to have heard or read, viz. that the croſs-ſpider regularly deſtroys its web every twenty-four hours, and in the place of the old ſubſtitutes a new one. This it always does in the night-time, but ſuſpends the renovation of it when a cloudy ſtate of the weather affords it no hope of catching any prey, and perhaps when any mechanical obſtacles ſtand in the way *. This obſervation has thrown great light upon many things

* That thoſe ſpiders which weave their web in the form of a wheel renew it daily, has been remarked by many obſervers as well as by myſelf. The cauſe may be eaſily

relating to the natural hiſtory of ſpiders. It points out the principal method which ought to be purſued in making obſervations on the weather by means of theſe inſects, as they conſtruct no new web after deſtroying the old, when impeded by the unfavourable ſtate of the weather. This alſo enables us to explain why we often obſerve floating about, during very hot days, prodigious multitudes of ſpiders webs, commonly known under the name of *goſſamer*, and which has given occaſion to ſo much diſpute among philoſophers; for it may be readily conceived, when we reflect how numerous ſpiders are, what a multitude of theſe webs muſt be let looſe, when they all deſtroy their webs at the ſame time, in order to conſtruct new ones. During cloudy weather none of them are to be ſeen, for at ſuch periods none are let looſe; and even if there are a few of them in the atmoſphere, they acquire heavineſs from the moiſture they imbibe, of which they are very ſuſceptible, and of courſe fall to the earth. I was enabled alſo to determine the diſpute reſpecting the organs of viſion in ſpiders. They undoubtedly have eyes, which are indiſpenſably neceſſary for the functions they have to perform, and yet they do not ſeem to obſerve when a ſtick or other dangerous weapon is held cloſe to theſe organs, but they inſtantly retreat when in the leaſt touched. At preſent, however, this circumſtance can be eaſily explained, for theſe inſects are nocturnal animals. In the night-time they ſpin their webs, and during the morning and evening twilight catch the greateſt number of inſects. In the night they ſee as well as the owls to catch their prey; and in the day-time, like thoſe birds, they are dazzled by the too great ſplendour of the night. But at that time they have no need of very acute ſight, as they ſeldom leave their web; and, when they do, are conducted back to it by their delicate ſenſe of touching. Beſides, they ſeldom have occaſion for it in the day-time, as their webs are then too viſible to the inſects which they catch; ſo that the latter can be better on their guard againſt them than they can during the twilight.

conceived from what I have ſaid. For ſeveral years, during the ſummer, I reſided in a houſe ſituate in a garden; and oppoſite to the window, which was generally open, a large ſpider had extended her web. I took great care not to deſtroy it, becauſe it ſerved inſtead of one of thoſe gauze ſcreens which are commonly employed to keep out flies and gnats. The web in the day-time was frequently injured by accidents, but next morning I found it always repaired. One morning, having got up earlier than uſual, I ſaw the ſpider at day-break deſtroy all the concentric threads proceeding from the centre outward along the radii, breaking off with her feet the croſs threads, which ſhe cemented to the radii ſhe had left untouched; and which, by theſe means, became progreſſively thicker. She did the ſame with the principal threads by which the web was made faſt; and which, in conſequence of the threads added to them, were rendered much ſtronger. The ſmalleſt flies or gnats which attempted to enter through the window were therefore caught faſt in the net; but toward noon, or ſomewhat later, the flies became ſhyer, and no more were caught. The ſpider therefore about that time retired to a corner which he had prepared in the window, where ſhe laid her eggs, and where ſhe remained quiet till the next morning. This obſervation ſhows that the threads of the web loſe their viſcoſity by the ſun's rays and the heat of the weather; and becoming too dry and hard to be fit for catching thoſe inſects on which the ſpider feeds, ſhe is under the neceſſity of renewing them. On the other hand, the principal threads, which ſerve only for ſtrengthening the web, have no need of being renewed. Damp weather may perhaps render theſe webs as unfit for catching inſects as the heat does, and therefore the ſpider thinks it unneceſſary to renew her web as long as that temperature continues.

Wood Grouse, or Cock of the Wood.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE WOOD GROUSE.

With an Engraving of that beautiful BIRD, *coloured from Nature.*

THE Wood Grouſe, cock of the wood, or *Tetrao Urogallus*, is as large as a turkey, is about two feet nine inches in length, and weighs from twelve to fifteen pounds: the bill is very ſtrong, convex, and of a horn colour; over each eye there is a naked ſkin, of a bright red colour; the eyes are hazel; the noſtrils are ſmall, and almoſt hid under a covering of ſhort feathers, which extend under the throat, and are there much longer than the reſt, and of a black colour; the head and neck are elegantly marked with ſmall tranſverſe lines of black and grey, as alſo the back and wings, but more irregularly: the breaſt is black, richly gloſſed with green on the upper part, and mixed with a few white feathers on the belly and thighs; the ſides are marked like the neck; the tail conſiſts of eighteen feathers, which are black, thoſe on the ſides being marked with a few white ſpots; the legs are very ſtout, and covered with brown feathers; the toes are furniſhed on each ſide with a ſtrong pectinated membrane.

The female is conſiderably leſs than the male, and differs greatly in her colours: the throat is red; the tranſverſe bars on the head, neck and back are red and black; the breaſt is of a pale orange colour; belly barred with orange and black, the top of each feather being white; the back and wings are mottled with reddiſh brown and black, the ſcapulars tipped with white; the tail is of a deep ruſt colour, barred with black, and tipped with white.

This noble bird was formerly an inhabitant of the woody and mountainous parts of Scotland and Ireland. At this time, it is ſuppoſed to be extinct in Ireland; and in Scotland, is found only in the Highlands north of Inverneſs. Mr. Latham ſays, the laſt bird of this kind found in Scotland, was in Chiſholm's great foreſt, in Strathglaſs.

Albin gave a figure of it in his Ornithology, publiſhed 60 years ſince, and then he ſeems not to have known that it was a Britiſh ſpecies; he calls it the Mountain cock from Muſcovy. From this, ſays that accurate naturaliſt, Mr. Donovan, we may infer that the breed was nearly extirpated half a century ago.

According to moſt authors it thrives beſt in cold countries. It is found in Italy, but only in the higher regions, where the air is bleak. In Ruſſia, it is not uncommon, particularly in the Aſiatic part of that empire. There is a variety of this ſpecies much ſmaller than the common ſort, which is probably owing to the ſevere cold of the climate in which it lives, being found in Lapland and Norway, the furtheſt extreme of Europe toward the icy ſea.

Theſe birds feed on many kinds of plants, and particularly on the tender ſhoots and ſeeds of the pine and fir trees, which are in the greateſt plenty in the foreſts they frequent. The males never aſſociate with the females, except from the beginning of February till the end of March; when the male perches on a tree, with his tail ſpread, the quills lowered to the feet, the neck protruded, and the feathers of the head ruffled. In this poſture it makes a loud and ſhrill noiſe, like the whetting of a ſithe, and this it repeats till the females diſcover its haunts. They lay from eight to ſixteen eggs, of a white colour ſpotted with yellow, and larger than thoſe of the common hen: theſe are depoſited upon moſs, in the ground. Mr. Latham ſays of the laſt bird of this kind ſhot in Scotland, 'I am well informed that the neſt was placed on a Scotch pine.' The females only, ſit the whole time of incubation, and cover the eggs with dry leaves, when ſhe is compelled to leave them. The young run after the mother as ſoon as hatched, ſometimes with part of the ſhell attached to them.

On the NATURE *of the* SUN, *and on the* APPEARANCE *and* DISAPPEARANCE *of* SOLAR SPOTS.

[From Dr. Herſchel's Obſervations tending to inveſtigate the Nature of the Sun, in Order to find the Cauſes or Symptoms of its variable Emiſſion of Light and Heat, &c.]

THE influence of this eminent body on the globe we inhabit is ſo great and ſo widely diffuſed, that it becomes almoſt a duty for us to ſtudy the operations which are carried on upon the ſolar ſurface. Since light and heat are ſo eſſential to our well-being, it muſt certainly be right for us to look into the ſource from whence they are derived, in order to ſee whether ſome material advantage may not be drawn from a thorough acquaintance with the cauſes from which they originate.

A ſimilar motive engaged the Egyptians formerly to ſtudy and watch the motions of the Nile; and to conſtruct inſtruments for meaſuring its riſe with accuracy. They knew very well, that it was not in their power to add a ſingle inch to the flowing waters of that wonderful river; and ſo, in the caſe of the ſun's influence, we are likewiſe fully aware, that we ſhall never be able to occaſion the leaſt alteration in the operations which are carried on in the ſolar atmoſphere. But, if the Egyptians could avail themſelves of the indications of a good nilometer, what ſhould hinder us from drawing as profitable conſequences from ſolar obſervations? We are not only in poſſeſſion of photometers and thermometers, by which we can meaſure from time to time the light and heat actually received from the ſun, but have more eſpecially teleſcopes, that may lead us to a diſcovery of the cauſes which diſpoſe the ſun to emit more or leſs copiouſly the rays which occaſion either of them. And, if we ſhould even fail in this reſpect, we may at leaſt ſucceed in becoming acquainted with certain ſymptoms or indications, from which ſome judgment might be formed of the temperature of the ſeaſons we are likely to have.

Perhaps our confidence in ſolar obſervations made with this view, might not exceed that which we now place on the indications of a good barometer, with regard to rain or fair weather; but, even then, a probability of a hot ſummer, or its contrary, would always be of greater conſequence than the expectation of a few fair or rainy days.

With regard to the effects of the influence of the ſun, we know already, that in the ſame latitudes the ſeaſons differ widely in temperature; that it is not hotteſt at noon, or coldeſt at midnight; that the ſhorteſt day is neither attended with the ſevereſt froſts, nor the longeſt day with the moſt oppreſſive heats; that large foreſts, lakes, moraſſes, and ſwamps, affect the temperature one way; and rocky, ſandy, gravelly, and barren ſituations, in a contrary manner; that the ſeaſons of iſlands are conſiderably different from thoſe of large continents, and ſo forth.

Reſpecting the contemporary ſeverity and mildneſs of the ſeaſons, it will hardly be neceſſary to remark, that nothing deciſive can be obtained. But, if we are deficient here, an indirect ſource of information is opened to us, by applying to the influence of the ſun-beams on the vegetation of wheat in this country. I do not mean to ſay, that this is a real criterion of the quantity of light and heat emanated from the ſun; much leſs will the price of this article completely repreſent the ſcarcity or abundance of the abſolute produce of the country. For the price of commodities will certainly be regulated by the demand for them; and this we know is liable to be affected by many fortuitous circumſtances. However, although an argument

drawn from a well aſcertained price of wheat, may not apply directly to our preſent purpoſe, yet, admitting the ſun to be the ultimate fountain of fertility, this ſubject may deſerve a ſhort inveſtigation, eſpecially as, for want of proper thermometrical obſervations, no other method is left for our choice.

Our hiſtorical account of the diſappearance of the ſpots in the ſun, contains five very irregular and very unequal periods. The firſt takes in a ſeries of twenty-one years, from 1650 to 1670, both included. But it is ſo imperfectly recorded, that it is hardly ſafe to draw any concluſions from it; for we have only a few obſervations of one or two ſpots that were ſeen in all that time, and thoſe were only obſerved for a ſhort continuance. However, on examining the table of the prices of the quarter of nine buſhels of the beſt or higheſt priced wheat at Windſor, marked in Dr. Adam Smith's valuable Inquiry into the Nature and Cauſes of the Wealth of Nations, we find that wheat, during the time of the twenty-one years above mentioned, bore a very high price; the average of the quarter being 2l 10s 5½d. This period is much too long to ſuppoſe that we might ſafely compare it with a preceding or following one of equal duration. Beſides, no particulars having been given of the time preceding, except that ſpots in the ſun, a good while before, began to grow very ſcarce, there might even be fewer of them than from the year 1650 to 1670. Of the twenty-one years immediately following, we know that they certainly comprehend two ſhort periods, in which there were no ſpots on the ſun; of theſe more will be ſaid hereafter; but, including even them, we have the average price of wheat, from 1671 to 1691, only 2l 4s 4⅔d the quarter. The difference, which is a little more than as nine to eight, is therefore ſtill a proof of a temporary ſcarcity.

Our next period is much better aſcertained. It begins in December 1676, which year therefore we ſhould not take in, and goes to April 1684; in all which time, Flamſteed, who was then obſerving, ſaw no ſpot in the ſun. The average price of wheat, during theſe eight years, was 2l 7s 7d the quarter. We cannot juſtly compare this price with that of the preceding eight years, as ſome of the former years of ſcarcity would come into that period; but the eight years immediately following, that is, from 1685 to 1691, both included, give an average price of no more than 1l 17s 1¾d. The difference, which is as full five to four, is well-deſerving our notice.

A third, but very ſhort period, is from the year 1686 to 1688, in which time Caſſini could find no ſpot in the ſun. If both years be included, we have the average price of wheat, for thoſe three years, 1l 15s 0¾d the quarter. We ought not to compare this price with that of the three preceding years, as two of them belong to the preceding period of ſcarcity; but the three following years give the average price for the quarter of wheat 1l 12s 10¾d, or, as nearly eleven to ten.

The fourth period on record, is from the year 1695 to 1700, in which time no ſpot could be found in the ſun. This makes a period of five years; for, in 1700 the ſpots were ſeen again. The average price of wheat, in theſe years, was 3l 3s 3½d the quarter. The five preceding years, from 1690 to 1694, give 2l 9s 4¾d, and the five following years, from 1700 to 1704, give 1l 17s 11½d. Theſe differences are both very conſiderable; the laſt is not leſs than five to three.

The fifth period extends from 1710 to 1713; but here there was one ſpot ſeen in 1710, none in 1711 and 1712, and again one ſpot only in 1713. The account of the average price of wheat, for theſe four years, is 2l 17s 4d the quarter. The preceding four years, from 1706 to 1709, give the price 1l 3s 7½d, and the following

years, from 1714 to 1717, it was 2l 6s 9d. When the aſtronomical account of the ſun for this period, which has been ſtated above, is conſidered, theſe two differences will be found very conſiderable; the firſt of them being nearly as four to three.

The reſult of this review of the foregoing five periods is, that, from the price of wheat, it ſeems probable that ſome temporary ſcarcity or defect of vegetation has generally taken place, when the ſun has been without thoſe appearances which we ſurmiſe to be ſymptoms of a copious emiſſion of light and heat. In order, however, to make this an argument in favour of our hypotheſis, even if the reality of a defective vegetation of grain were ſufficiently eſtabliſhed by its enhanced price, it would ſtill be neceſſary to ſhow that a deficiency of the ſolar beams had been the occaſion of it. Now, thoſe who are acquainted with agriculture may remark, that wheat is well known to grow in climates much colder than ours; and that a proper diſtribution of rain and dry weather, with many other circumſtances which it will not be neceſſary to mention, are probably of much greater conſequence than the abſolute quantity of light and heat derived from the ſun. To this I ſhall only ſuggeſt, by way of anſwer, that thoſe very circumſtances of proper alterations of rain, dry weather, winds, or whatever elſe may contribute to favour vegetation in this climate, may poſſibly depend on a certain quantity of ſun-beams, tranſmitted to us at proper times: but, this being a point which can only be aſcertained by future obſervations, I forbear entering farther into a diſcuſſion of it.

It will be thought remarkable, that no later periods of the diſappearance of the ſolar ſpots can be found. The reaſon, however, is obvious. The perfection of inſtruments, and the increaſed number of obſervers, have produced an account of ſolar ſpots, which, from their ſmallneſs, or their ſhort appearance, would probably have been overlooked in former times. If we ſhould in future only reckon the years of the total abſence of ſolar ſpots, even that remarkable period of ſcarcity which has fallen under my own obſervation, in which, nevertheleſs, I have now and then ſeen a few ſpots of ſhort duration and of no great magnitude, could not be admitted.

For this reaſon, we ought now to diſtinguiſh our ſolar obſervations, by reducing them to ſhort periods of ſymptoms for or againſt a copious emiſſion of the ſolar beams, in which all the phenomena we have pointed out ſhould be noticed. The moſt ſtriking of them are certainly the number, magnitude, and duration of the openings. The increaſe and decreaſe of the luminous appearance of the corrugations is perhaps full as eſſential; but, as it is probable that their brilliancy may be a conſequence of the abundance of the former phenomena, an attention to the latter, which is ſubject to great difficulties, and requires the very beſt of teleſcopes, may not be ſo neceſſary.

What remains to be added is but ſhort. In the firſt of my two ſeries of obſervations, I have poined out a deficiency in what appears to be the ſymptomatic diſpoſition of the ſun for emitting light and heat: it has laſted from the year 1795 to 1800*. That we have had a conſiderable deficiency in the vegetation of grain, will hardly require any proof. The ſecond ſeries, or rather the commencement of it, for I hope it will laſt long, has pointed out a favourable return of the rich appearance of the ſun. This, if I

* This period ſhould properly have been divided into two ſmall ones; but, for want of intermediate ſolar obſervations, I have joined the viſible deficiencies in the illuminating and heating powers of the ſun, from the year 1795 to 1796, and again from 1798 to 1800, into one.

may venture to judge, will probably occaſion a return of ſuch ſeaſons as, in the end, will be attended by all their uſual fertility.

The ſubject, however, being ſo new, it will be proper to conclude, by adding, that this prediction ought not to be relied on by any one, with more confidence than the arguments which have been brought forward in this paper may appear to deſerve.

ON HAPPINESS.

Oh Happineſs, our being's end and aim. POPE.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

Sir,

WHATEVER be our purſuits in life, whether we are engaged in the cloſet or the Change, all is done with the intention of being conducive to our immediate ſatisfaction, or of eventually contributing more or leſs to our happineſs. Happineſs is the great and important object of all our wants and wiſhes; and different conceptions in what it conſiſts, is the reaſon of its being ſought in ſuch a variety of forms. The hero braves all the dangers of the field for the honour which attends a ſucceſsful enterprize; and the philoſopher labours to attain intellectual excellence, excited by the hope that he ſhall be remembered by future ages as the friend and enlightener of mankind. How different are theſe purſuits? yet each, it may be preſumed, has adopted what he thinks will ultimately make him happy. The epicure, who imagines he ſhall be happy at the banquet; the miſer, who conceives no greater joy than hoarding up treaſure which he does not want; and the man, who having already a competency, ſecretly ſighs for the advantages which he ſuppoſes the never failing concomitants of riches; are in the eye of true philoſophy, each in the wrong road to happineſs; and expect what they will never find realized, though their wiſhes were gratified. Diſeaſe will be the inevitable conſequence of indulging in more than nature requires; and the epicure, therefore, muſt finally be diſappointed in his expectations of happineſs; as the propoſed cauſe is totally inadequate to the effect. The paſſions which agitate the miſer's breaſt are of too baſe a kind for him ever to experience happineſs; an attempt to fathom a bottomleſs pit would not be more abſurd, than it would be to ſet bounds to his wiſhes; for if all the wealth of the Indies was concentrated in his coffers, anxiety would ſtill be rankling in his mind, from the apprehenſion that his treaſures were not ſafe; or that there was ſtill more left to excite his deſires. Riches are deſired becauſe they are thought to bring happineſs in their train; and when deſired as a remedy againſt the evils of poverty only, the wiſh may be allowed, as it will act as an incitement to induſtry. True happineſs, however, is little dependent on extrinſic circumſtances; the attendant of riches, which at a diſtance, has to ſome minds the ſame appearance, will, perhaps, on a nearer view, prove only *eaſe*, or a relaxation from the toil which poverty renders indiſpenſable. The poet well knew this when he ſaid,

'Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
'Virtue alone is happineſs below.'

Indeed, a virtuous man, who can be grateful in proſperity, without being elated, and reſigned in adverſity, without being depreſſed; like a temperate climate, which neither feels the ſultry heat of the torrid, nor the chilling froſt of the frigid zone, has the beſt title to true happineſs, and will experience it in the higheſt degree that human nature admits. Such

a man will enjoy proſperity with a double reliſh, and will not feel adverſity with its full force. While the ideas which were occaſioned by the conſideration of this ſubject continued impreſſed on my mind, I inſenſibly loſt all perception of external objects; yet the active principle was not dormant. I imagined myſelf tranſported to a place where I beheld a large extent of country covered with people, in one part of which I found myſelf, among many others, who were all travelling toward a temple, ſituate at ſome diſtance, which attracted us to it by an irreſiſtible charm, and was ſaid to be the reſidence of Happineſs; we continued our journey in a careleſs giddy manner, till we arrived at a place which, at once, preſented a great number of roads to our view. Each of my companions choſe that which appeared to him moſt direct to the temple of Happineſs. I paused for a moment to obſerve the fate of thoſe who had already paſſed this critical part. What firſt ſurpriſed me was the great inequalities of the ground which I ſaw in that part which begun with the roads, when compared with that I had juſt paſſed. At firſt, I had conſidered the way to the temple of Happineſs as a journey which would ſoon be performed, and was, therefore, perplexed to find that, as the travellers advanced, they ſometimes loſt ſight of it from the unevenneſs of the ground, and though its beauty was often to be ſeen by a gleam of ſunſhine, anon it was obſcured by the miſty vapours which were floating about. According to the road which the different travellers took, they had each a ſeparate guide allotted to conduct them, by particular beings that were ſtationed at the entrance of each. On one ſide I beheld Riches ſtanding to receive her votaries, whom ſhe appointed to be conducted by Luxury; great numbers were puſhing toward her, ſo that there was not room for all; thoſe, however, who did not get admitted, ſeemed to think they would ſoon be at the end of their journey; yet, though their countenances were generally gay, I could often perceive they were not content: indeed, it ſometimes happened, when they thought themſelves moſt ſecure, an unſeen difficulty made them ſtumble, and not unfrequently threw them down. At ſome diſtance from the path of Riches I beheld Poverty, who appointed Want to conduct thoſe who entered her domains; but this way to the temple of Happineſs ſeemed ſo rugged and crooked, that I ſaw none go into it willingly; ſome, however, who had made conſiderable advances in the thorny path appeared reconciled to their fate, though by far the greateſt number were continually looking, with envious anxiety, toward the road of Riches; and ſometimes I ſaw an individual who thought himſelf fortunate in eſcaping from Want and received by Luxury.

I then turned to another part where I beheld ſome conducted by Virtue, in the path of Religion; not far from whom ſtood Enthuſiaſm, who was ſometimes miſtaken for her; nor were the deluded travellers convinced of their error though conducted by Superſtition. While, on the one hand, I ſaw the gloomy appearance of the followers of Superſtition, I could not avoid contraſting it with the placid ſerene compoſure of thoſe who were led by Virtue. My attention was now arreſted by a clamorous noiſe that I heard at ſome diſtance, which I ſoon perceived came from a number of learned perſons, who were all deſirous of being admitted into the road that was kept by Patronage. A philoſopher preſented her with a new method of obtaining the exact quadrature of the circle, and a poet was reciting ſome verſes on fortune: ſhe ſeemed for a while to deliberate; ſhe at laſt refuſed them admittance, and in deſpair they went over to Poverty. It did not always happen that the greateſt merit enſured the favour of Patronage, as ſome who had little to recommend them, might be ſeen a-

mong her followers. I continued my obſervations by remarking, that the innumerable roads which I had not yet particularly examined, as well as thoſe I had, were often interſected by each other; ſo that a branch of the road of Riches would ſometimes join that of Poverty, and *vice verſa*. I alſo obſerved that great numbers were continually periſhing on the way, nor could I ſee any, though a few got near it, that ever arrived at the temple of Happineſs.

While I was in the midſt of my reverie, I felt myſelf ſtrongly impelled toward Poverty, whoſe haggard meagre looks, of which I had now a nearer view, ſtartled me, ſo as to break the bands of

'Tir'd Nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy ſleep.'

Kendal, Feb. 1802. ALEXIS.

EULOGY ON MARCUS AURELIUS.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

Sir,

I herewith ſend you a Fragment of an intereſting Eulogy publiſhed in French, on Marcus Aurelius, *it was tranſlated merely as an Amuſement: from this Specimen, I lament that the Whole is not in Engliſh: if you can make Room for it, you will oblige yours, &c.* EUGENIUS.

AFTER a reign of twenty years, died at Vienna, Marcus Aurelius: at this period he was engaged in a war with the Germans. His corpſe was brought to Rome, which it entered amid the tears of the people, and a univerſal deſolation. The mourning ſenate were preceding the funereal car, the people and the army accompanied it, and the ſon of M. Aurelius followed the train. It went on with ſolemnity and in ſilence. Suddenly an old man advanced from among the crowd: his ſtature was tall, his air venerable. He was reconnoitred by all, it was Apollonius the ſtoic, eſteemed in Rome, and reſpected more on account of his character than his years. He poſſeſſed all the ſtern virtues of his ſect, and was both the friend and tutor of Marcus Aurelius. He halted near the bier—gave it a mournful look, and at length raiſing his voice, 'Romans,' ſaid he, 'you have loſt a great man, and I am deprived of a valuable friend: but think not that I come to weep over his aſhes. It is only over thoſe of the wicked that we ſhould drop a tear: but who would bewail that man who has lived ſixty years of virtue, and twenty ſucceſſive ones in public beneficence—that man, who in the whole courſe of his life has been a ſtranger to vice; who on the throne has baniſhed away weakneſs; who has conſtantly been good, juſt, beneficent, generous.—Romans! the funereal pomp of the good man is the triumphal feſtival of virtue returning to its ſupreme Author. Let us conſecrate this feſtival by our applauſes, not that virtue needs our praiſes, but we will thus ſhow her a tribute of our eſteem for her. It is with exalted characters as with the gods—overwhelmed with their benefits, we have no returns to make them; we can only acknowledge their kindneſs by public teſtimony. O that I may be able by running over the life of this great man to do credit to the latter years of my own! And you who are now liſtening to me, you his ſon, and his ſuperior, liſten to the actions and virtues of your father. You are now about to reign; flattery is now waiting to corrupt you; an independent tongue, perhaps the laſt that may addreſs you, is now claiming your attention. Your father, you well know, never uſed me to ſpeak to him as a ſlave: he loved truth, and truth now is rendering him juſtice: may it be

enabled one of theſe days to render you the ſame! Generally, when we are about to praiſe the dead, we begin by celebrating their anceſtors, as if an illuſtrious character needed ſome origin.—As if a character deſtitute of merit could be ennobled by the virtues of another perſon: let us beware, Romans, to give to virtue ſuch an affront as to ſuppoſe ſhe needs the aſſiſtance of birth. Your family of the Ceſars has produced you four ſucceſſive tyrants, and Veſpaſian, who firſt extolled your empire, was the grandſon of a common centurion. The grandfather of Marcus Aurelius was born on the banks of the Tagus. The badges of diſtinction which he brought to Rome, were virtues now only to be found at a diſtance from Rome—ſimplicity and primeval manners: this inheritance remained unſquandered in his houſe. It was this that conſtituted the true nobility of Marcus Aurelius. He was, it is true, the kinſman of Adrian, but this honour, if it be one, he conſidered as a dangerous thing. I know that you were fond of tracing him down from Numa, but this chimerical pedigree he deſpiſed: Juſtice was the anceſtor of whom he was ſo proud. Let us thank the gods, that he was not originally deſigned for the throne. Elevated ſituations have corrupted more people than it has ennobled. Born to become a plain citizen, he became a great man. Had he been born a prince, he probably would have been an obſcure ſubject. Every favourable circumſtance concurred together in framing him. He firſt received thoſe valuable rudiments on which your anceſtors have always laid ſuch a ſtreſs, —a healthy and vigorous body. Luxury therefore was kept a ſtranger to him from his birth. He was never ſurrounded by a train of ſlaves who, watching his motions, conceive themſelves honoured in obeying his caprices: they gave him to underſtand that he was a man; and the lot of man, the habit of encountering evils was the firſt leſſon he received: running, muſic, and military dances were firſt given to develope his powers. He would be covered with duſt on that ſame field of Mars where exerciſed your Scipio's, your Marii, your Pompey's. This part of education, Romans, I muſt notice, ſince it begins to become unfaſhionable among you: ſince it ſeems to be giving way to the manners of the Eaſtern nations, among whom luxury and lazineſs degrade man from his very birth, where the mind is enervated before it has powers to know its ſtate. Romans, thoſe who flatter, injure you, it is only by telling you the truth that our reſpect toward you can be ſhown.—But had his education ſtopped here, Marcus Aurelius would have been a bare ſoldier only; ſome ſciences were now to be added to complete the man. The language of Plato firſt of all became to him as familiar as his own. Eloquence then taught him how to addreſs mankind. Hiſtory next, to judge of them. The laws then, to acquaint him with the foundation of governments: various codes and conſtitutions were ſet before him to compare. A ſtrict diſcipline ſoon familiarized his childhood to induſtry, though related to the maſter of the world.'

Account of the DISCOVERY *of* COAL *at the* Cape of Good Hope.

IN moſt families at Cape Town a ſlave is kept expreſsly for collecting fire-wood. He goes out in the morning, aſcends the ſteep mountains of the peninſula, where waggons cannot approach, and returns at night with two ſmall bundles of faggots (the produce of ſix or eight hours hard labour) ſwinging at the two ends of a bamboo carried acroſs the ſhoulder.

Some families have two and even three ſlaves, whoſe ſole employment conſiſts in climbing the mountains in ſearch of fuel. The expence of a few

faggots, whether thus collected or purchaſed by the load, for preparing victuals only, as the kitchen alone has any fire-place, amounts, in a moderate family, to forty or fifty pounds a year.

The addition to the inhabitants of five thouſand troops, and a large fleet ſtationed at the Cape, increaſed the demand for fuel to ſuch a degree, that ſerious apprehenſions were entertained of ſome deficiency ſhortly happening in the ſupply of this neceſſary article. Under this idea, the attention of the Engliſh was directed toward finding out a ſubſtitute for wood. The appearance of all the mountains in ſouthern Africa being particularly favourable to the ſuppoſition that foſſil coal might be found in the bowels of moſt of thoſe inferior hills connected with and interpoſed between them and the ſea, his excellency the earl of Macartney, well knowing how valuable an acquiſition ſuch a diſcovery would prove to the colony, directed a ſearch to be made.

Boring-rods were prepared, and men from the regiments who had laboured in the collieries of England were ſelected to make the experiment. Wynberg, a tongue of land projecting from the Table Mountain, was the ſpot fixed on, and the rods were put down there through hard clay, pipe clay, iron-ſtone, and ſand-ſtone, in ſucceſſive ſtrata, to the depth of twenty-three feet. The operation of boring was then diſcontinued, by a diſcovery then made of actual coal coming out, as miners expreſs it, along the banks of a deep rivulet flowing out of the Tygerberg, a hill that terminates the iſthmus to the eaſtward. The ſtratum of coaly matter appeared to lie nearly horizontal. Immediately above it was pipe clay and white ſand-ſtone, and it reſted on a bed of indurated clay. It ran from ten inches to two feet in thickneſs; different in its nature in different parts; in ſome places were dug out large ligneous blocks, in which the traces of the bark, knots, and grain, were diſtinctly viſible; and in the very middle of theſe were imbedded pieces of iron pyrites, running through them in crooked veins or lying in irregular lumps. Other parts of the ſtratum conſiſted of laminated coal of the nature of turf, ſuch as by naturaliſts would be called *lithanthrax*, and pieces occurred that ſeemed to differ in nothing from that ſpecies known in England by the name of Bovey coal. The ligneous part burned with a clear flame without much ſmell, and left a reſiduum of light white aſhes like thoſe of dried wood. The more compact earthy and ſtoney parts burned leſs clear, gave out a ſulphureous ſmell, and left behind a ſlaty caulk, that ſoon contracted on the ſurface a deep brown ochraceous cruſt. The borer being put down in ſeveral places in hopes of meeting with the main bed of coal, the general reſult was as follows:

In the bed of the rivulet:

	Feet.
Coal - - - -	2
Blue ſoapy rock - -	5
White ſoapy rock - -	22
Gray ſand-ſtone with clay -	21
Sand-ſtone of chocolate brown	14
Blueiſh ſoapy clay - -	31
Striated ſand, red and white, containing clay - -	33
	128

Here the operation was diſcontinued.

STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

IMITATIONS OF ANIMALS.

IN the reign of queen Anne, a man, whoſe name was Clench, a native of Barnet, made his appearance at London: I have his advertiſement before me; which ſtates that he "imitated the *horſes*, the *huntſmen*, and a *pack of hounds*, a *ſham doctor*, an *old woman*, a *drunken man*, the *bells*, the *flute*, the *double curtell*, and the *organ*

with *three voices*, by his own *natural voice*, to the greateſt perfection.' He then profeſſes himſelf to 'be the only man that ever could attain to ſo great an art.' He had, however, a rival, who is noted in one of the papers of the Spectator, and called the *whiſtling man*. His excellency conſiſted in counterfeiting the notes of all kinds of ſinging birds. The ſame performance was exhibited in great perfection by the bird-tutor aſſociated with Breſlaw the juggler. This man aſſumed the name of Roſſignol, and, after he had quitted Breſlaw, appeared on the ſtage at Covent-garden theatre; where, in addition to his imitation of the birds, he executed a concerto on a fiddle without ſtrings; that is, he made the notes in a wonderful manner with his voice, and repreſented the bowing by drawing a ſmall truncheon backward and forward over a ſtringleſs violin. His performance was received with great applauſe; and the ſucceſs he met with produced many competitors, but none of them equalled him: it was, however, diſcovered, that the ſounds were produced by an inſtrument, contrived for the purpoſe, concealed in the mouth; and then the trick loſt all its reputation. Six years ago, I heard a poor ruſtic, a native of St. Alban's, imitate with great exactneſs, the whole aſſemblage of animals belonging to a farm-yard; but eſpecially he excelled in counterfeiting the grunting of ſwine, the ſqueaking of pigs, and the quarrelling of two dogs.

COCK-FIGHTING.

THIS barbarous paſtime, which claims the ſanction of high antiquity, was practiſed at an early period by the Grecians, and afterward by the Romans: with us, it may be traced back to the twelfth century; at which period we are certain it was in uſage, and ſeems to have been conſidered as a childiſh ſport. 'Every year,' ſays Fitzſtephen, 'on the morning of Shrove Tueſday, the ſchool-boys of the city of London bring *game cocks* to their maſters, and in the fore part of the day, till dinner-time, they are permitted to amuſe themſelves with ſeeing them fight: the cock-pit was the ſchool, and the maſter the controller and director of the paſtime.' This cuſtom, according to a modern author, was retained in many ſchools in Scotland within the laſt century, and perhaps may be ſtill in uſe there; the ſchoolmaſters claimed the runaway cocks as their perquiſites; and theſe were called *fugees*, corrupt, I ſuppoſe, ſays he, of *refugees*.'

In the reign of Edward III, cock-fighting became a faſhionable amuſement; it was then taken up more ſeriouſly than it formerly had been, and the practice extended to grown perſons; even at that early period it began to be productive of pernicious conſequences, and was therefore prohibited by a public proclamation, in which it was ranked with other idle and unlawful paſtimes. But notwithſtanding it was thus degraded and diſcountenanced, it ſtill maintained its popularity, and in defiance of all temporary oppoſition has deſcended to the modern times. Among the additions made by Henry VIII, to the palace at Whitehall, was a *cock-pit*; which indicates his reliſh for the paſtime of cock-fighting; and James I was ſo partial to this diverſion, that he amuſed himſelf in ſeeing it twice a week. Excluſive of the royal cock-pit, we are told there was formerly one in Drury-lane, another in Jewin-ſtreet, and a third in Shoe-lane, if the following ſtory be founded on fact: 'Sir Thomas Jermin, meaning to make himſelf merry, and gull all the cockers, ſent his man to the pit in Shoe-lane, with a hundred pounds and a dunghill cock, neatly cut and trimmed for the battle; the plot being well layd, the fellow got another to throw the cock in, and fight him in ſir Thomas Jermin's name, while he betted his hundred pounds againſt him; the cock was matched, and bearing ſir Thomas' name, had many betts layd upon his head; but after

three or four good bruſhes, he ſhewed a payre of heeles: every one wondered to ſee a cock belonging to ſir Thomas cry *craven*; and away came the man, with his money doubled.

I ſhall not expatiate upon the nature and extent of this faſhionable divertiſement; but merely mention a part of it, called the *Welch main*, which ſeems to be an abuſe of the modern times; and as a late judicious author juſtly ſays, 'a diſgrace to us as Engliſhmen.' It conſiſts of a certain number of pairs of cocks, ſuppoſe ſixteen, which fight with each other until one half of them are killed; the ſixteen conquerors are pitted a ſecond time in like manner, and half are ſlain; the eight ſurvivors, a third time; the four, a fourth time; and the remaining two, a fifth time: ſo that 'thirty-one cocks are ſure to be inhumanly murdered, for the ſport and pleaſure of the ſpectators.'

In the old illuminated manuſcripts, we frequently meet with paintings, repreſenting cocks fighting; but I do not recollect to have ſeen in any of them the leaſt indication of artificial ſpurs; the arming their heels with ſharp points of ſteel is a cruelty, I truſt, unknown in former ages to our anceſtors.

In addition to what has been ſaid, I ſhall only obſerve. that the ancients fought partridges and quails as well as cocks; in like manner, ſays Burton, as the French do now: how far, if at all, the example has been followed in England, I know not.'

THROWING AT COCKS.

Was a very popular diverſion, eſpecially among the younger parts of the community, and univerſally practiſed upon Shrove Tueſday *. If the poor bird by chance had his legs broken, or was otherwiſe ſo lamed as not to be able to ſtand, the barbarous owners were wont to ſupport it with ſticks, in order to prolong the pleaſure received from the reiteration of its torment. The magiſtrates, greatly to their credit, have for ſome years paſt put a ſtop to this wicked cuſtom; and at preſent it is nearly, if not entirely, diſcontinued in every part of the kingdom.

In ſome places it was a common practice to put the cock into an earthen veſſel made for the purpoſe, and to place him in ſuch a poſition that his head and tail might be expoſed to view; the veſſel, with the bird in it, was then ſuſpended acroſs the ſtreet, about twelve or fourteen feet from the ground, to be thrown at by ſuch as choſe to make trial of their ſkill; twopence was paid for four throws, and he who broke the pot, and delivered the cock from his confinement, had him for a reward. At North Walſham, in Norfolk, about forty years ago, ſome wags put an owl into one of theſe veſſels; and having procured the head and tail of a dead cock, they placed them in the ſame poſition as if they had appertained to a living one: the deception was ſucceſsful, and at laſt, a labouring man belonging to the town, after ſeveral fruitleſs attempts, broke the pot, but miſſed his prize; for the owl being ſet at liberty, inſtantly flew away to his great aſtoniſhment, and left him nothing more than the head and tail of the dead bird, with the potſherds, for his money and his trouble; this ridiculous adventure expoſed him to the continual laughter of the town's people, and obliged him to quit the place, to which I am told he returned no more.

* Heath, in his account of the Scilly Iſlands, ſpeaking of St. Mary's, ſays, 'On Shrove Tueſday each year, after the throwing at cocks is over, the boys of this iſland have a cuſtom of throwing ſtones in the evening againſt the doors of the dwellers' houſes; a privilege they claim from time immemorial, and put in practice without controul, for finiſhing the day's ſport: the terms demanded by the boys are pancakes or money, to capitulate. Some of the older ſort, exceeding the bounds of this whimſical toleration, break the doors and window ſhutters, &c. ſometimes making a job for the ſurgeon as well as for the ſmith, glazier, and carpenter.'

EXTRACTS *from* OLIVIER'S TRAVELS *in the* OTTOMAN EMPIRE, EGYPT, *and* PERSIA.

CONSTANTINOPLE—MEANS OF EXISTENCE OF THE INHABITANTS.

IF we caſt our eyes on the immenſe population of Conſtantinople, we ſhall, perhaps, be aſtoniſhed to ſee that almoſt all the inhabitants of that great city derive their means of exiſtence from the Grand Signior, from the great employments of the government, from hiring themſelves as ſervants, or from ſome private induſtry; that a great part of the money of the empire is ſwallowed up in the capital by means of impoſts, cuſtom-houſe duties, and the right of ſucceſſion which the ſovereign preſerves over all his agents; by the confiſcation in which he indulges, by the ſale of all employments, of all places and all dignities, military, adminiſtrative, judicial, and religious; by the great revenues enjoyed by the moſques and the principal officers of the crown; laſtly, by the voluntary or forced preſents which every man in place annually makes to thoſe who protect him with the Porte, ſupport and defend him, as well as to the men of buſineſs who watch over his intereſt, apprize him of all the changes which happen, and of all the dangers by which he is threatened.

Almoſt all the revenues of the royal treaſury are conſumed in Conſtantinople, becauſe there it is that the national eſtabliſhments are; and that, in the provinces, there neither are armies, navy, arſenals, nor fortreſſes kept up at the expence of the Grand Signior. The governors, pachas, mutſelims or waiwodes, very far from deriving emoluments from the Porte, pour, on the contrary, annually into the treaſury a ſum more or leſs conſiderable, according to the extent and the nature of their government. The molhas, the cadis, diſtribute juſtice for a duty of ten per cent. and various eſcheats. The janizaries and other ſoldiers receive a very moderate daily pay, taken from the revenues of the province: they equip themſelves at their own expence, and join their colours in time of war, without the Grand Signior remitting the ſmalleſt ſum of money for that purpoſe. The officers or agas have patrimonies for life, by means of which they are bound, on the firſt ſummons, to repair to the army, and to take with them, and at their coſt, a certain number of ſoldiers.

All the eſtabliſhments relating to the navy are at Conſtantinople. Ships of war are not repaired, equipped, and manned in any other port. It is there that ſhips are chiefly built. True it is that, at this moment, there are dockyards, at Sinope, at the head of the gulf of Mundania, in the Dardanelles, at Mitylene, and at Rhodes, becauſe thoſe countries are within reach of the timber for ſhip-building; but the ſum of money which iſſues from the capital, for this object, is by no means conſiderable, and is but a temporary remittance; beſides, the pachas moſt frequently provide for theſe expences.

The fortreſſes are kept up by the pachas on whoſe territories they are ſituate; accordingly, they are almoſt all in bad condition: the greater part of them are even falling into ruins. The Grand Signior, in this reſpect, is eaſily deceived, becauſe he receives annually an account of expences by which he is impoſed on: and if the ſuſpicion of infidelity or complaints induced him to ſend any one to the ſpot to verify the facts, a ſum of money given by the pacha would almoſt always be ſufficient for obtaining a favourable report; but were the latter diſplaced, or even were his head cut off, the ſucceſſor would not, on that account, put the fortreſs into better condition; he would at firſt make a few unimportant repairs, and would

interrupt them as ſoon as he had taken the means fit for enſuring his impunity.

All the coin of Turkey, if we except Cairo, is ſtruck at Conſtantinople, and yields for the moment a conſiderable revenue to the Grand Signior; becauſe he has adulterated it to ſuch a degree that it has not half of the value of that of the ſultans his predeceſſors, and becauſe he has cauſed it to be circulated for a value equal to that which it had before. Foreign coin has, indeed, greatly increaſed; but it is not yet at the price at which it ought to arrive, becauſe the balance of trade is to the advantage of this empire. This is not the caſe with India, where Turkey has ſcarcely any thing to furniſh. None but old coin is received there, and that of Venice, Hungary, and Spain, is ſtill preferred, as moſt pure.

The richeſt private individuals of the empire do not come hither to ſpend their income in effeminacy and idleneſs, or diſſipate their fortunes in the hazards of play, in the pleaſure of love, or in the luxury of the table. The agas or lords remain on their eſtates, in order to preſerve them, defend them, and make the moſt of them. The pachas cannot quit their government without an order of the ſovereign. The molhas and the cadis exerciſe juſtice in the towns whither they have received orders to repair: both the one and the other come to intrigue at Conſtantinople only when they are diſplaced.

Moſt frequently they avoid even the too ſevere looks of the government: they have eſtabliſhed agents, men of buſineſs who intrigue for them, who exculpate them with money, who level difficulties with money, and who procure them advancement with money. Here all dignities are ſold to the higheſt bidder; all employments are put up to auction; no lucrative place is obtained without a preſent more or leſs conſiderable.

There is a claſs of men who have no other profeſſion than that of lending, at an exorbitant intereſt, to the ambitious who could not obtain places without this means; to the extortioners who wiſh to cauſe their crimes to be forgotten and to maintain themſelves in their places, to thoſe whom a powerful enemy would wiſh to deſtroy, and to thoſe, in ſhort, who want, by a great and ſpeedy ſacrifice, to redeem their head threatened by the ſword of the law or by the will of the ſultan.

CEREMONIES OE THE HOWLING DERVISES.

THE ceremony begins by ſome prayers, during which all the friars gave each other the kiſs of peace or fraternity. The novices, or thoſe who appeared to us of an inferior rank, ſimply kiſſed the hand of the ſuperior and of the chiefs of the order, with the greateſt reſpect. The latter were placed toward the wall, on a line a little curved; behind them were ſuſpended various iron inſtruments, fit for piercing the different parts of the body, and taking hold of burning coals, in order to put them into the mouth or on the tongue; ſome were intended to be made red hot in the fire, and to be afterward applied, as we were told, to different parts of the body. Facing theſe chiefs, toward the middle of the hall, the derviſes were placed, on a curved line, in an humble poſture, kneeling, ſitting on their heels, according to the oriental cuſtom. After a few minutes ſpent in prayer, to theſe laſt was given a great tabour, in the inſide of which were one, two, or three ſtrings, ſimilar to our thick violin or baſs ſtrings. One alone of theſe tabours had five or ſix little copper wires. In front of theſe muſicians was placed a braſier, for the purpoſe of heating the inſtruments from time to time, and giving to the ſkin the ſuitable tenſion. The ſuperior beat time, and regulated the movement of the inſtruments with cymbals: two others ſtruck on two little kettle-drums. This muſic accompanied canticles in honour of

Mahomet, which all the friars ſang in uniſon.

During this monotonous and tireſome concert, we were from time to time electrified by the ſight of the friar who came and preſented himſelf to the ſuperior, as if ſtruck by the Omnipotence of the Divinity: he fell by degrees into convulſions: his body then grew ſtiff, and appeared in the ſtate of one dead. He ſunk into the arms of the friars in waiting, who tried to reſtore him to life by touching his face, his dreſs, and principally his arms and thighs. With ſome, this was a ſimple ecſtaſy: the return to life was effected in a ſlow and gradual manner; with others, the ſtate of death appeared complete. The friars in waiting extended them on the floor, and made the greateſt efforts to reſtore them to life. Independently of touching them repeatedly, they ſpoke to them ſeveral times in their ear; and, when all common means were exhauſted, the chief approached in order to exerciſe his omnipotence. He ſpread his hand over the face of the dead perſon, who ſuddenly came to himſelf, and got up with the greateſt nimbleneſs, aſſiſted by a derviſe in waiting. This ſight, preſented all the time that the ceremony laſted, became more frequent toward the end, during the howlings of theſe fanatics.

For half an hour the muſic had fatigued our ears, and the convulſionaries had afflicted our hearts, when two men, naked to the waiſt, came to occupy the ſcene for ſeven or eight minutes. They were each armed with two irons, upward of a foot long, pointed at one of the extremities, and terminated at the other by a wooden ball covered all round with little chains, the laſt link of which was in the form of a very ſharp nail. Theſe men made different movements backward and forwaad with force and celerity, and appeared to thruſt the points of theſe two irons into their belly; but they took care every time to put their thumb on the points. However, the quickneſs of the motions, directed ſometimes on one ſide, and ſometimes on the other, the noiſe and the play of the little chains—every thing prevented their cunning from being diſtinctly perceived. Theſe two men at length pretended to thruſt the inſtruments into their ears, their forehead, and their eyes; but then their precaution appeared greater, their motion was not ſo quick, and a derviſe ſuddenly wrapped them up in a cloak; he laid them on the floor, where they remained for ſome minutes like dead perſons. They then got up again, at the ſame time rubbing their face and body with their hands, and they appeared as if reſuſcitated and cured of their wounds. They went and reſumed their place and their tabour.

We were told that ſometimes the ceremony is more diverſified, that theſe fanatics put burning coals into their mouth, and that they apply their tongue to hot iron: we eaſily believed it, on ſeeing ſuſpended againſt the wall the inſtruments fit for executing ſimilar fooleries.

When this muſic ceaſed, almoſt all the derviſes placed themſelves in a circle, and pronounced the word *Allah* (God) at the ſame time following the tone at firſt ſlow, and then quick, which was given by two of them, who had placed themſelves in the middle, and who were, during this time, ſinging canticles in honour of Mahomet and his deſcendants. The former ſhook their heads, ſometimes forward, ſometimes ſidewiſe or circularly, with more or leſs rapidity, according to the ſong. At other times they toſſed about their body, ſometimes to the right, ſometimes to the left, and ſometimes backward and forward, till they had exhauſted themſelves with fatigue, and were quite bathed with ſweat. They took breath for a moment, and then began again, conſtantly pronouncing the word *Allah*, or only venting a cry ſimilar to that of *heh* or *hei*, which appeared to iſſue from the bottom of the ſtomach. The ſhort intervals which occured between theſe

howlings, were filled by the ſinging of the two friars, who, as we have ſaid, were ſeated in the middle of theſe howlers. We remarked that there was among the chiefs more reſerve, more calmneſs, leſs diſpoſition to fanaticiſm; thoſe among them who from time to time mixed with the howlers, ſpared their lungs, and did not fatigue their body.

CUSTOM OF THE ORIENTALS.

THE Orientals, more ſimple than ourſelves in their houſehold furniture, are not acquainted with the luxury of beds. They have in their houſe a certain number of very light mattreſſes, of wool or cotton, which they ſpread on the floor or on the ſofas at bed-time, and on which they paſs the night. The women take off their trinkets, and lay aſide their finery; the men ſtrip themſelves of their habit of ceremony, change their turban, and lie down in their clothes, as well as the women. They cover themſelves with quilted coverlids, to which the rich add a cotton ſheet, which they commonly do not change till it is very dirty, or almoſt worn out.

The next morning theſe mattreſſes and coverlids are taken away; they are ſhut up in cloſets, and the bed-chamber again becomes the drawing-room and eating parlour. Among the poor Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, the whole family almoſt always ſleep in the ſame room; but, among the Muſſulmans, the apartment of the men is always ſeparate from that of the women.

As the uſe of chairs and tables is equally unknown to the Orientals, ſofas are the principal and almoſt the only articles of furniture of their apartments: theſe are generally put on three ſides of the room, on that of the windows and on two of the other ſides: they are immediately placed on the floor, or raiſed a few inches, half a foot and even a foot, by means of a little eminence formed of ſome planks. They are covered with beautiful printed calicoes, ſtuffs of ſilk, velvet, or cloth, and ornamented with cotton, ſilk, ſilver, or gold fringe. There are large cuſhions for the back, throughout the length of the ſofa, trimmed with fringe and covered with the ſame ſtuffs. Carpets and mats are placed in the middle of the room. There remains a part of the floor, oppoſite to the entrance-door, which is lower by five or ſix inches, and which ſerves as a paſſage for going to the lateral chambers.

The ſofa ſerves as a ſeat during the day, and as a bed during the night: there it is that the Orientals paſs the day, ſquatted, with their legs croſſed, and that, at night, they place their mattreſſes for ſleeping. Frequently, in order not to wear the ſofa too much, they remain on the carpet or on the mat, and, at night, for want of other mattreſſes, they ſleep on the ſofa, after having taken off the cover by which it is ornamented.

It may be conceived that this manner of living on the floor, on carpets or mats which cannot be ſwept, and which are neglected to be beaten or ſhaken, in wooden houſes, in a hot climate, among a people who are ſcarcely acquainted with the uſe of linen, who keep on their garments during the night, and do not take them off in general till they are worn out, fleas, bugs, and all the vermin which adhere to the dirty and negligent man, muſt be extremely numerous; this too was what made us ſuffer moſt in the courſe of our travels, becauſe it was impoſſible for us to ſecure ourſelves againſt thoſe inſects when we were obliged to lie down in a place which was infeſted by them.

It was not enough for the fleas and bugs to prevent us from ſleeping; we were, beſides, lighted by a lamp which was burning before the image of the Virgin, as is the practice night and day in all the Greek houſes of the Levant. We durſt not extinguiſh it: we ſhould have afflicted too much the worthy prieſt at whoſe houſe we had ſtopped, and who had received us with the greateſt politeneſs.

USE OF THE TANDOUR AND OF PELISSES—FIRES.

If we except the palaces of the ambaſſadors and a few merchants' houſes, the inhabitants of Conſtantinople have no chimnies in the apartments which they occupy: they warm themſelves by means of a braſier in copper or baked earth, called *mangal*, which they place within reach of their ſofas: but in the houſes of ſome Muſſulmans, and in almoſt all thoſe of the Greeks and Armenians, this braſier is placed under a round or ſquare table, covered with ſeveral carpets, one of which, wadded and quilted, in printed calico, hangs down to the floor in every direction, and retains the heat under the table: in this caſe a little charcoal is put into the braſier, and it is covered with aſhes, in order to temper the heat. A ſtuffed bench, placed all round, allows ſeveral perſons to ſit down, to ſtretch out their legs toward the mangal, and to receive the heat up to their middle. This table, called *tandour*, appears to have a Greek origin, if we conſider that its uſe is more common among the Greeks than among the Turks, and that it is no longer to be found in the interior of Aſia Minor, where the colds are more ſharp and more piercing than at Conſtantinople.

Whenever it is a little cold, the women ſeldom quit their tandour, there it is that they paſs their day, that they work, that they receive their female friends, that they cauſe their meals to be ſerved up. In the evening, it is on the tandour that they play at cards *, at cheſs, or at draughts. It is round the tandour that they aſſemble to carry on converſation, communicate the news to each other, liſten to ſome tragical ſtory, ſome tale of a ghoſt, or the proweſs of ſome pacha in rebellion againſt the Porte.

The Europeans willingly habituate themſelves to this cuſtom, becauſe it brings the two ſexes together, and becauſe the ſtrict eye of a mother, or the jealous looks of a huſband, cannot remark the ſigns of intelligence nor prevent the expreſſive touches which the tandour favours. If ever the uſe of chimnies could be introduced at Conſtantinople, we are perſuaded that the Greek women would oppoſe it with all their might; and certainly they would find in their perſuaſive eloquence, good reaſons in favour of the gentle, moderate, and more economical heat in the tandour.

In a city where the houſes are of wood and ill built, where the windows are numerous and badly ſhut, where the wind and exterior air come into every room, not only through the doors and windows, but through the walls and partitions, neither the mangal nor the tandour could ſufficiently ſecure the inhabitants from the cold: they require to be warmly clothed: Ruſſia and Poland afforded them the warmeſt clothing that man can wear, and the cuſtom of furs was adopted by the inhabitants of the capital, whence it ſpread in a moment over the moſt diſtant provinces. The peliſſe is become every where the aliment of luxury, the indication of opulence, the reward of ſervices, a preſſing want to all. In countries where the cold is never felt, as in Egypt and Arabia, as well as in the moſt northern cities of Turkey, ſuch as Conſtantinople, Adrianople, and Belgrade, this cuſtom is general, not only among rich perſons and thoſe who enjoy a moderate fortune, but likewiſe among the indigent.

The rich man wears at the ſame time two or three furs during the winter; he changes them in all ſeaſons, and, during the ſummer, he is ſtill ſeen dreſſed in the ſerge of Angora, lined with *petit gris*, or gray ſquirrel ſkin. If the inhabitant of the country-places cannot procure a fine and foreign ſkin, he at leaſt uſes thoſe

* Cards are known only to the Greeks and Armenians who frequent the Europeans.

which fall in his way: the hare, the jackal, the lamb, the ſheep, all are acceptable to him; he ſecures himſelf from the cold, and he imitates the inhabitants of the cities.

The women have likewiſe furs of all ſeaſons: the black fox, the ſable for winter, the gray ſquirrel for autumn and ſpring, the ermine for ſummer: the greater part have in their cloſets ten or twelve furred gowns, the deareſt of which ſometimes exceeds fifteen or twenty thouſand livres.

It is not ſurpriſing that fires ſhould be frequent in Conſtantinople, when there is continually fire, during the winter, on wood-floors, within reach of ſofas, mats, and carpets. The ſmalleſt negligence. children playing, or a few ſparks to which no attention has been paid, frequently ſet on fire thoſe combuſtible ſubſtances; and ſhould a perſon then happen to be aſleep or abſent from his houſe, the fire communicates by degrees from the furniture to the floor; if it be long before it is perceived, it ſoon breaks out with violence, ſpreads with rapidity, gains the neighbouring houſes, and ſometimes even conſumes a conſiderable portion of the city. From the palace of the ambaſſador and from the elevated places of Pera, we were, more than once, witneſſes of the violence of fire, of the quickneſs with which it ſpread, and of the terrible effect which it produced.

This ſight, beautiful and awful as it is, ſtrikes with horror the man of feeling who wiſhes to contemplate it, becauſe it preſents the image of unfortunate beings, who, in thoſe frightful moments, are ſtruggling with death; of thoſe who, ſeized with terror, are endeavouring to eſcape with their valuable effects; of thoſe, in ſhort, who are ſtriving, in the midſt of the flames, to carry off children or old men that are dear to them.

When a fire breaks out, whether by day or by night, all the inhabitants of the city are ſoon warned to have an eye to their own ſafety, or to give aſſiſtance to the unfortunate perſons concerning whom they take an intereſt. The guard of every quarter parades the ſtreets, trailing on the pavement ſticks ſhod with iron, and crying from time to time in a melancholy and mournful voice: '*There's a fire!*'—Two enormous drums, placed the one on a lofty tower about the middle of Conſtantinople, and the other on that of Galata, likewiſe apprize the inhabitants of a fire having broken out. In theſe circumſtances, it is the duty of the commander of the janizaries to run immediately with a numerous guard to the place where the fire has been diſcovered: the grand viſir muſt alſo repair thither in perſon, and if the fire be not extinguiſhed immediately, the ſultan never fails to come, and to cauſe money to be diſtributed in order to excite the pumpers, the porters, the guard, and the paſſengers, to work with ardour. But when the fire has made ſome progreſs, and eſpecially when it is rendered more active by the wind, no hope can be entertained of extinguiſhing it but by endeavouring to circumſcribe it: in order to effect this, the neareſt houſes which are ſtill untouched are demoliſhed as quickly as poſſible: the materials are removed before the fire has reached them, and thoſe which cannot be taken away are laid under water.

The damages occaſioned by fire are ſoon repaired: a few days after the conflagration, are ſeen on all ſides houſes riſing ſimilar to thoſe which the fire has conſumed: the imperfections preſented by narrow ſtreets, ill laid out, are exactly preſerved; nor is any change made in the order and diſtribution of the apartments. The Muſſulman comes thither to reſume, if he can, his former occupations, and live there, as before, without regret and without foreſight.

An ACCOUNT *of the* PROCESS *employed in making* CHESHIRE CHEESE.

[From the Cheſhire Agricultural Report.]

Preparation of the Rennet.

WHEN the maw ſkin comes from the butcher, the chyly matter is taken out, and the ſkin cleaned from ſlime and every apparent impurity, by wiping or gently waſhing. The ſkin is then filled nearly full of ſalt, and, placing a layer of ſalt upon the bottom of a mug, the ſkin is laid flat upon it: this mug is large enough to hold three ſkins in a courſe: each courſe of ſkins ſhould be covered with ſalt; and when a ſufficient number of ſkins are thus placed in the mug, that mug ſhould be filled up with ſalt, and, with a diſh or ſlate over it, be put in a cool place, till the approach of the cheeſe-making ſeaſon the following year. The ſkins are then all taken out and laid for the brine to drain from them; and being ſpread upon a table, they are powdered on each ſide with fine ſalt, and rolled ſmooth with a paſte roller, which preſſes in the ſalt. After that, a thin ſplint of wood is ſtuck acroſs each of them to keep them extended while they are hung to dry. Take all the maw ſkins provided for the ſeaſon, pickled and dried as before; put them into an open veſſel or veſſels, and for each ſkin pour in three pints of pure ſpring water. Let them ſtand twenty-four hours, then take out the ſkins, put them into other veſſels; add for each one pint of ſpring water, let them ſtand twenty-four hours as before. On taking the ſkins out the ſecond time, gently ſtroke them down with the hand into the infuſion. The ſkins are then done with. Mix thoſe two infuſions together, paſs the liquor through a fine linen ſieve, and add to the whole a quantity of ſalt, rather more than is ſufficient to ſaturate the water; that is to ſay, until a portion of the ſalt remains undiſſolved at the bottom of the veſſel. The next day, and alſo the ſummer through, the ſcum as it riſes is to be clearly taken off; and as the liquor ſhould not be ſuffered to remain without a portion of undiſſolved ſalt at the bottom, it will be neceſſary to add frequently freſh ſalt, as that which was diſſolved will gradually form itſelf into cryſtals, and be taken off with the riſing ſcum. Somewhat leſs than a wine half-pint of this preparation will be generally ſufficient for 60lbs. of cheeſe. Whenever any of this liquid is taken out for uſe, the whole ſhould be well ſtirred up.

Colouring for the Cheſhire Cheeſe.

The colouring for cheeſe is, or at leaſt ſhould be, Spaniſh annotta; but as ſoon as colouring became general in this country, a colour of an adulterated kind was expoſed for ſale in almoſt every ſhop; the weight of a guinea and a half of real Spaniſh annotta is ſufficient for a cheeſe of 60lb. weight. If a conſiderable part of the cream of the night's milk be taken for butter, more colouring will be requiſite. The leaner the cheeſe is, the more colouring it requires. The manner of uſing annotta is, to tie up in a linen rag the quantity deemed ſufficient, and put it into half a pint of warm water over night. This infuſion is put into the tub of milk in the morning with the rennet infuſion; dipping the rag into the milk, and rubbing it againſt the palm of the hand as long as any colour comes out.

Setting the Cheeſe together.

It is, we believe generally admitted, that not only the quantity, but the quality of the curd, as to texture, viz. toughneſs or otherwiſe, depends in a great meaſure upon the length of time the cheeſe is in coming; and that the time, again, depends on the quantity and ſtrength of the coagulum uſed, the ſtate of the atmoſphere, and the

heat of the milk when put together. In this ſtage of the art, where a degree of accurate certainty ſeems to be required, there is no other guide but the hand and the external feelings: the thermometer of a Cheſhire dairy-woman is conſtantly at her fingers' ends: accordingly the heat of the milk when ſet, is endeavoured to be regulated by the ſuppoſed warmth of the room and the heat of the external air; having reference alſo to the quantity and ſtrength of the ſteep, ſo that the milk may be the proper length of time in ſufficiently coagulating, which is generally thought to be about an hour and a half. The evening's milk of ſuppoſe twenty cows having ſtood all the night in the cooler and braſs pans, the cheeſemaker in ſummer, about ſix o'clock in the morning, carefully ſkims the cream from the whole of it, obſerving firſt to take off all the froth and bubbles, which may amount to about a pint; this, not being thought proper to be put into the cheeſe, goes to the cream mug to be churned for butter; and the reſt of the cream is put into a braſs pan. While the dairy-woman is thus employed, the ſervants are milking the cows, having previouſly lighted a fire under the furnace, which is half full of water. As ſoon as the night's milk is ſkimmed, it is all carried to the cheeſe-tub, except about three-fourths of a braſs pan full, viz. three or four gallons, which is immediately placed in the furnace of hot water in the pan, and is made ſcalding hot; then half of the milk thus heated in the pan is poured alſo into the cheeſe-tub, and the other half is poured to the cream, which, as before obſerved, is ſkimmed into another braſs pan. By this means all the cream is liquefied and diſſolved ſo as apparently to form one homogeneous or uniform fluid, and in that ſtate it is poured into the cheeſe-tub; but before this is done ſeveral bowls or veſſels full of new milk will generally have been poured into the cheeſe tub, or perhaps the whole morning's milk. Care is taken to ſkim off all the air bubbles which may have formed in pouring the new milk into the cheeſe-tub.

The rennet and colouring being put into the tub, the whole is well ſtirred together, a wooden cover is put over the tub, and over that is thrown a clean linen cloth. The uſual time of coming is an hour and a half, during which time it is to be frequently examined: if the cream riſes to the ſurface before the coming takes place, as it often does, the whole muſt be ſtirred together, ſo as to mix again the milk and cream, and this as often as it riſes, until the coagulation commences. A few ſmart ſtrokes on different ſides of the tub with the cheeſe ladder, &c. will forward the coagulation, if it is found too long in forming. If the dairy-woman ſuppoſes the milk, &c. to be accidentally put together cooler than ſhe intended, or that its coolneſs is the cauſe of its not coming, hot water or hot milk may be poured into it, or hot water in a braſs pan may be partially immerged therein: but this muſt be done before it is at all coagulated; for, after that takes place, though but imperfectly, it muſt not be tampered with ſo as to break the forming curd, for a conſiderable part of the cream would thereby be directed into the whey, and the quantity of curd much leſſened. Before the coagulation takes place, an additional quantity of rennet may alſo be put in, if thought neceſſary; but this will, after coagulation, be added with little effect, as no means can be uſed to mix it with the whole maſs without diſturbing the forming curd. If the cheeſe has been ſet together hotter than it was meant to be, the oppoſite means, under the ſame precautions, may be recurred to. But the more general practice is, to ſuffer the proceſs to proceed hot as it is, until the firſt quantity of whey is taken off; a part of which, being ſet to cool, is returned into the tub to cool the curd. When the cheeſe happens to come much ſooner than a proper time, ow-

ing to two great a degree of heat in the milk in ſetting or putting together, or too great a ſtrength of ſteep, there is leſs curd, and it is conſiderably tougher than when the milk has been ſet cooler together than uſual, or when too little ſteep has been uſed. In the latter caſe, the curd is exceedingly tender: and, when that ſo happens, a part of the whey is taken out of the cheeſe-tub, and heated as much as may be thought ſufficient to give to the curd, when mixed with it, a proper degree of toughneſs. In an hour and a half, as mentioned before, if all goes on well, the coagulation will be formed. This point is determined by gently preſſing the ſurface of the milk with the back of the hand.

Breaking down the Curd, Gathering, &c.

If the milk has been ſet together very warm, the curd, as before obſerved, will be firm: in this caſe, the uſual mode is to take a common caſe knife, and make inciſions acroſs it to the full depth of the knife's blade, at the diſtance of about one inch; and again croſswiſe in the ſame manner, the inciſions interſecting each other at right angles. The whey riſing through theſe inciſions is of a fine pale-green colour. The cheeſemaker and two aſſiſtants then proceed to break the curd; this is performed by their repeatedly putting their hands down into the tub, the cheeſemaker with the ſkimming-diſh in one hand breaking every part of it as they catch it, raiſing the curd from the bottom, and ſtill breaking it. This part of the buſineſs is continued till the whole is broken uniformly ſmall: it generally takes up about forty minutes, and the curd is then left covered over with a cloth for about half an hour to ſubſide. If the milk has been ſet cool together, the curd, as before mentioned, will be much more tender, the whey will not be ſo green, but rather of a milky appearance. The cheeſemaker in this caſe, inſtead of the knife, has recourſe to the ſkimming-diſh, the edge of which ſhe holds perpendicular to the ſurface of the whey in the tub, and dips it gently an inch or two into the curd, turning it over until the whole ſurface is thus turned. The breaking then proceeds as before; but a cautious and gentle mode of doing it is more neceſſary than in the former caſe. Rather more time, of courſe, is neceſſary for breaking down a cold than a hot cheeſe; but when ſufficiently broken, it is covered over, and left to ſubſide as before. After ſtanding about half an hour, as much whey is taken out of the tub into the braſs pans as conveniently may be, without taking any of the curd with it. The bottom of the tub is now ſet rather a tilt, the curd is collected to the upper ſide of it, a board is introduced of a ſemicircular form to fit looſely one-half of the tub's bottom. This board is placed on the curd, and a 60lb. weight upon it, to preſs out the whey, which draining to the lower ſide of the tilted tub, is laded out into braſs pans. Such parts of the curd as are preſſed from under the board, are cut off with a knife, placed under the weighted board, and again preſſed. This is repeated again and again, the whey being conſtantly laded out as it drains from the curd. The whole maſs of curd is then turned upſide down, put on the other ſide of the tub, again preſſed, pared, and preſſed as before.

The board and weight being removed, the curd is cut into ſeveral pieces of about eight or nine inches ſquare, piled upon each other, and preſſed with the board and weight, repeating the cutting and piling, as long as any whey drains from it. It ſcarcely need be added, that the more gently the whole of the buſineſs in the tub is performed, the more perfect will be the ſeparation of curd and whey.

The next thing is to break the curd in a braſs pan. After being preſſed in the tub as long as any conſiderable quantity of whey drains from it, the curd is cut into nearly three equal portions; one of which is taken into a braſs pan, and is there, by two wo-

men, broken exceedingly fine. As ſoon as it is coarſely broken, a large handful of ſalt is added, which in the ſubſequent breaking is well mixed with the curd; that portion of curd, being ſufficiently broken, is put into a cheeſe-vat, which is placed to receive it on a cheeſe-ladder over the cheeſe-tub: the vat is generally furniſhed with a coarſe cheeſe-cloth. The ſecond and third portions of the curd are treated in the ſame manner, and emptied into the vat; ſometimes five or ſix times the quantity of ſalt is added to the middle portion of the curd; others ſalt all alike. The breaking takes up more or leſs time as the cheeſe was ſet together hotter or colder; half an hour is perhaps the longeſt time.

Thruſting or Hand-preſſing the Cheeſe into the Vat.

The curd, when put into the cheeſe-vat in its broken ſtate, is heaped above the vat in a conical form, to prevent it from crumbling down; the four corners of the cheeſe-cloth are turned over it, and three women, placing their hands againſt the conical part, gently but forcibly preſs it in nearly a horizontal direction, conſtantly ſhifting their hands when any portion of the curd is ſtarting from the maſs, and turning down and folding up the cloth as occaſion requires. As ſoon as the curd adheres together ſo as to admit it, a ſmall ſquare board, with a corner of the cloth under it, is put on the top of the conical part of the curd, with a 60lb. weight upon the board. Several iron ſkewers are at this time ſtuck in the cone, and alſo through holes in the ſides of the vat. Several uſe a wooden lever to preſs down the cheeſe.

The employment of the women is now drawing out and putting in the ſkewers; thruſting and keeping together the portions of the curd, that the power of the weight or lever diſplaces. This operation is continued until the whey, which at firſt ran from it freely, begins to be diſcharged by drops; the weight and ſkewers are then removed, and one woman takes up the corners of the cloth, while the others break the curd half way to the bottom of the vat, as ſmall as they can.

Some people uſe a wooden or tin hoop, nine inches broad, inſtead of holding up the corners of the cloth during this breaking. After the upper half of the cheeſe is thus broken, a weight or other power is again applied to it, and is ſkewered and thruſted as before: at firſt the whey again runs freely, and the operation is continued as long as thoſe means will preſs out a drop of whey. Two of the women then take the four corners of the cloth, the ſkewers, &c. being removed; and the other woman lays hold of the vat which is drawn from the cheeſe; and after rinſing it in warm whey, and putting another clean cloth over the upper part of the cheeſe, it is returned inverted into the vat again, and, being placed on the ladder over the tub, is broken half way through, as before; thruſting, weighting, and ſkewering, &c. is repeated, and continued from two to four hours, or as long as a drop of whey can be extracted from the cheeſe.

Putting the Cheeſe into the Preſs.

When no more whey can be extracted by the aforeſaid means, the cheeſe is again turned into the vat and rinſed, as before, with warm whey. The cloth now made uſe of is larger and finer than the former, and is ſo laid that on one ſide it ſhall be level with the ſide of the vat, and on the other wrap over the whole ſurface of the cheeſe, and the edges put within the vat; thus perfectly incloſing the whole cheeſe in the cloth. In this ſtage of the buſineſs, the cheeſe is ſtill higher than the edge of the vat; and to preſerve it in due form recourſe is had to a tin binder or hoop, about three inches broad, which is put round the cheeſe on the outſide of the cloth, and the lower

edge of the binder preſſed down within the vat, ſo low as that the upper edge of it may be level with the ſurface of the cheeſe. The cheeſe is then carried to the preſs; and a ſmooth ſtrong board being placed over it, the preſs is gently let down upon it: the uſual power of which preſs is about 14 or 1500lb. weight.

As ſoon as the cheeſe is put into the preſs, it is well ſkewerd; the ſkewers are of a ſtrong iron wire, 18 or 20 inches long, ſharp at the points, and turned with a bow at the other end. The vat and tin binder have holes to receive the ſkewers, eſpecially the binder, which holes are ſeldom more than one inch from each other. As the preſs ſtands cloſe to a wall, only one ſide of the cheeſe can be ſkewered at a time; therefore as many ſkewers are ſtuck in different directions as conveniently may, leaving as many holes unſkewered as are ſkewered, to give an opportunity of changing the holes. The buſineſs of ſkewering continues till the next morning at ſix o'clock, and in that time the oftener they are ſhifted the better; every ſecond time of ſhifting them the cheeſe is turned half way round in the preſs, to come at the other ſide of it. In half an hour from the time the cheeſe is firſt put into the preſs, it is taken out again and turned in the vat into another clean cloth. At this time the edges of the cheeſe are pared off, if they have become ſharp under the preſs; but as the vats are now uſually made with the angles rounded, the paring is rendered unneceſſary, the vat being wiped dry before the cheeſe is returned to it.

When the cheeſe is thus the firſt time taken out of the preſs, it is the cuſtom of ſome places to put it into warm, and in others into hot whey, where it ſtands an hour or more. It is then taken out, wiped dry, and after it has ſtood till cool, it is returned back to the preſs. This is done with a view to hardening its coat, that it may ſtand the better. At ſix o'clock in the evening, the cheeſe is again turned in the vat into another clean cloth. At this and the former turning, ſome dairy-women prick the upper ſurface of the cheeſe all over, an inch or two deep, before it is replaced under the preſs, with a view of preventing bliſters. At ſix o'clock in the morning it is again turned in the vat, with a clean cloth as before. The ſkewers are now laid aſide. When the next day's cheeſe is ready for the preſs, the former one is again turned in the vat with a clean cloth, and put under another preſs. At ſix o'clock in the evening, and at ſix in the morning following, it is again turned in the vat, uſing at theſe two laſt turnings two cloths finer than thoſe before uſed, in order that as little impreſſion as poſſible from the cloth may remain on the coat of the cheeſe.

Salting the Cheeſe.

Four or five days after the cheeſe has been under the preſs, a freſh fine cloth is put under it, which ſerves only as a lining to the vat, and is not turned over the upper ſurface of the cheeſe, as has been hitherto the caſe. It is then taken and placed nearly midſide deep in brine in a ſalting tub; the upper ſurface of the cheeſe being covered all over with ſalt. It ſtands generally about three days in the ſalting tub; is turned daily, and each turning well ſalted, the cloth being twice changed in the time. The cheeſe is then taken out of the vat, and in lieu of which a wooden girth or hoop is made uſe of, equal in breadth nearly to the thickneſs of the cheeſe: in this it is placed on the ſalting-benches, where it ſtands about eight days, being well ſalted all over, and turned each day. The cheeſe is then waſhed in luke-warm water; and after being dried with a cloth, it is placed on the drying-benches, where it remains about ſeven days: it is then waſhed in warm water, as before, with a bruſh, and wiped dry with a cloth: after it has ſtood about two hours from this waſhing, it is ſmeared all over with about two ounces of

ſweet whey butter, and then placed in the warmeſt part of the cheeſe-room.

Cheeſe-Room.

During the firſt ſeven days it is rubbed every day well over, and generally ſmeared with ſweet whey butter. Afterward a circular ſpace is left unrubbed of four or five inches diameter, in the centre of each ſide the cheeſe, which, as long as it is afterward kept, is, or ſhould be, turned daily, and rubbed three times a week in ſummer and twice in winter. Scraping the rind ſhould be rendered unneceſſary by frequent cleanings. In a warm room the coat will be eaſily prevented from riſing. Theſe cheeſe-rooms are commonly placed over the cow-houſes, and this is done with a view to obtain that moderate and neceſſary degree of temperature ſo eſſential to the ripening of cheeſe, to which the heat ariſing from the cattle underneath is ſuppoſed very much to contribute. The moſt deſirable covering for a cheeſe-room, as contributing to that temperature ſo much deſired, is thatch, for reaſons that muſt be obvious. Before the cheeſe is brought into the rooms, the floors are moſtly well littered with what the farmers here call *ſniddle*, though wheat ſtraw is frequently made uſe of for this purpoſe, but the knots of it are apt to leave an impreſſion on the cheeſe. The afterneath of graſs well dried ſeems to be a good ſubſtitute for ſniddle.

THE BRITISH MUSE.

The NEGRO BOY.—A BALLAD.

[From 'Juvenilia; or a Collection of Poems.' Written between the Age of Twelve and Sixteen: by J. H. L. HUNT, late of the Grammar School, Chriſt's Hoſpital.]

Paupertas onus viſa eſt grave.

COLD blows the wind, and while the tear
Burſts trembling from my ſwollen eyes,
The rain's big drops quick meet it there,
And on my naked boſom flies!
O pity all ye ſons of joy,
The little wand'ring negro-boy.

Theſe tatter'd clothes, this ice-cold breaſt
By winter harden'd into ſteel;
Theſe eyes, that know not ſoothing reſt,
But ſpeak the half of what I feel!
Long, long, I never knew one joy,
The little wand'ring negro-boy.

Cannot the ſigh of early grief
Move but one charitable mind?
Cannot one hand afford relief?
One Chriſtian pity and be kind?
Weep, weep, for thine was never joy,
O little wand'ring negro-boy.

Is there a good which men call pleaſure!
O Ozmyn, would that it were thine!
Give me this early precious treaſure;
How would it ſoften grief like mine!
Then Ozmyn might be call'd with joy,
The little wand'ring negro-boy.

My limbs theſe twelve long years have borne
The rage of ev'ry angry wind;
Yet ſtill does Ozmyn weep and mourn,
Yet ſtill no care, no reſt can find!
Then death, alas! muſt ſoon deſtroy,
The little wand'ring negro-boy.

No ſorrow e'er diſturbs the reſt,
That dwells within the lonely grave:
Thou beſt reſource the wo-wrung breaſt,
E'er aſked of heaven, or heav'n e'er gave!
Ah then, farewell, vain world, with joy
I die, the happy negro-boy!

ELEGY: written in POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

[By the Same.]

IN this cold ſolitude, this awful ſhade
Where ſleeps the lyre of many a tuneful breath,
The ghaſtly ſhroud, the duſt diſturbing ſpade,
Invite the ſhudd'ring thought to gloom and death.

Yet, while my careful feet ſlow pace along
O'er the dumb tales of learning and of fame,
Remembrance fond recals the poet's ſong,
And admiration points the chiſſell'd name.

To boaſt the wonder of attentive crowds,
And wrapt the ſoul in extacied applauſe,
To reach futurity, that ſpurns the clouds,
And unlock harmony's enchanting laws.

For this the poet rolls his phrenſied eye,
And wakens rapture with his fairy hand;
For this he warbles tranſport to the ſky,
And pours enchantment o'er a thrilling land.

Live not, where Shakſpeare lays his awful duſt,
The marble records of immortal fame?
Weeps not the muſe o'er Rowe's beloved buſt?
And ſpeaks not truth in Gay's untitled name.

Who boaſts of king's when bending o'er the ſhade,
Where lies the harp ſublime of freeborn Gray?
Who talks of pomp, or who of proud parade,
Where modeſt Thomſon drops his ſpotleſs lay?

If courts are nobler than the muſe divine,
Princes and lords had long uſurp'd the praiſe.
Some laurell'd Wilmot wanton'd but to ſhine,
Some Henry hoarded for immortal bays.

Yet, them no more ſhall admiration high,
Lift from the turf that triumphs o'er the clay;
For them no tear ſtands quiv'ring in the eye,
For them no boſom ſighs its plaintive lay.

Unwept, unpity'd, drooping to their doom,
They creep to death, nor leave a trace behind;
No plaintive heath, lamenting o'er the tomb,
But yon cold graſs that whiſtles to the wind.

Ye gorgeous worms that glitter in the ſun,
Ye worms of wealth, and vanity, and ſway;
Say, have ye ought of praiſe, of glory won,
That thus ye flaunt along your gaudy way?

'Tis not the ſplendour of the cheriſh'd hoard,
Pomp's carv'd atchievements, or the robe of power;
'Tis not the purple of a nation's lord,
Can calm futurity's emblazon'd hour.

Foul av'rice watches but to gain a grave,
And haughty pride muſt bow to ſhrinking age;
Pow'r has not learnt the ſtorms of death to brave,
And grandeur crumbles from her gorgeous ſtage.

The heart that loves, that is the friend of all,
And meek humility's unlordly breaſt,
Theſe are the beams that glitter o'er the pall,
And ſink reſplendent, like the ſun, to reſt.

And, ah! if e'er on them the Muſe's eye
Shed the bright influence of her heav'nly fire;
Applauſe ſhall live for ever where they lie,
And one eternal triumph be their lyre.

HYMN ON WINTER.

[By the Same.]

HARK! 'twas dark winter's ſullen voice,
That told the glooms that reign'd;
That bade the plains no more rejoice,
And all the waves be chain'd.

And ſee green Autumn dies away;
The pallid Sire is come,
The plains his ſhiv'ring rules obey,
And every wave is dumb.

Yet ſtill with cheerful heart I pace
The whiten'd vale below;
And ſmile at every printed trace
I leave upon the ſnow.

Thus (ſoft I whiſper to my breaſt)
Man treads life's weary waſte:
Each ſtep that leads to better reſt,
Forgot as ſoon as paſt.

For what is life and all its bliſs?
The ſplendour of a fly,
The breathing of the morning's kiſs,
A ſummer's fluſhing ſky?

Diſmantled lies the gaudy fly;
Morn droops at ev'ning's frown,
And Summer, tho' ſo gay her eye,
Tempeſtuous terrors crown!

Yes, Lord; but ſhouts no gladd'ning day
Thro' this nocturnal ſcene?
Decks not one gem of lively ray,
Grief's darkſome wave unſeen?

How ſweet the evergreen beguiles
The gloom of yonder ſnow;
Thus Virtue cheers, with endleſs ſmiles,
Life's wintry waſte of woe.

Howl then, ye ſtorms; ye tempeſts beat,
Round this unthinking head!
I know a ſweet, a ſoft retreat,
In Virtue's peaceful ſhed.

Drive down, ye hails; pour ſnows and winds
Pale terror where I ſtray!
My foot a path, yet verdant, finds
Where virtue ſmooths the way.

O thou, by whoſe all gracious hand
The cherub Mercy ſtands,
Smiling at each divine command,
With fondneſs o'er the lands;

Oh let me ne'er with marble eye,
Pale ſhiv'ring want reject,
Where mourns the long, the deep-drawn ſigh,
The anguiſh of neglect.

While lordly Pride and cuſhion'd Eaſe,
Petition's tear deſpiſe;
Oh let this hand the mourner raiſe,
And wipe her ſtreaming eyes.

When death ſhall call me to my Lord,
To bow beneath his throne;
His praiſe be the divine reward,
That Charity has won.

There, where no wintry ſtorms affright,
No tempeſts ſhake the pole;
No gloomy ſhades of dreary night
Appal the waking ſoul.

There let me ever hymn, adore,
And love th' immortal king;
Love, while dread Winter breaks no more
Th' eternity of ſpring.

On the APPROACH of PEACE.

By J. F. BRYANT, late a Tobacco-pipe-maker, of Briſtol.

LONG the trumpet breath'd alarms;
Long the drum had beat to arms:
Long has ſung the martial muſe,
Fame ſupplying hoſtile news.
But now the martial ſong ſhall ceaſe;
And every voice ſhall welcome Peace.

Peace! thou lovely virgin! hail!
Peace! that loves the rural vale:
Peace, that loves to haunt the grove,
While the ſhepherd ſings of love.
Bid the martial trumpet ceaſe;
Vales and groves ſhall echo, Peace!

Peace, that loves to rove ſerene,
Where with weeping willows green;
Where with reeds and daffodils,
Pleaſing melancholy dwells,
Liſt'ning to the winding ſtream,
Oft the ſylvan poet's theme;
While the ſoft, the gentle breeze,
Fragrant breathes and whiſpers Peace!

Hail! again, ſweet virgin, hail!
All thy gentle charms unveil.
Lo! the nations court thy ſmile,
Then welcome to the Britiſh Iſle,
Where the ſong of war ſhall ceaſe,
While our voices welcome Peace.

See! the goddeſs now deſcends;
Hoſtile nations now are friends:
Now her olive-branch ſhe waves;
Party flies to midnight caves;
Lurking Envy hides her head;
Diſcord ſeeks th' infernal ſhade,
Wild diſorder now ſhall ceaſe,
Huſh'd by harmony to Peace.

See where dire Bellona flies!
Tracks of gore beſmear the ſkies.
Clouds ariſe, and tempeſts howl;
Light'nings blaze, and thunders roll.
But the fury diſappears,
And the ſcene to brightneſs clears;
And to bid the tumult ceaſe,
Fame's loud trumpet ſounds to Peace.

An APOSTROPHE to CHARITY.

ALL hail! benignant name, ſweet Charity!
So prompt to pity, eager to ſupply;
Bleſt emanation of the heavenly mind,
Friend of the world, and parent of mankind;
That pries in dungeons, anxious looks around,
And drops the lucid tear where woes abound,
Nor tears alone—O! dear to man and God,
Let ev'ry breaſt provide thee an abode;
Let ev'ry pulſe beat high with thee, and thrill,
Pervade each ſoul, and all intentions fill;
Let thy kind beams on humble pheaſants ſhine,
Be thine to pity, to relieve be thine.

And thou, Religion! ſoul transforming flame,
(Let earth thy pow'r, let heav'n thy praiſe proclaim)
Colin poſſeſs'd of thee could wiſh no more,
And without thee a Crœſus muſt be poor—
Come then, Religion, and the toiling hind
Shall more than bread in thine embraces find.
Thy precious balm diſtill'd upon his heart,
His wants ſubſide, his ſorrows all depart:
He ſees his ſtorm-beat cottage proudly riſe
More than a palace—half a paradiſe.

So he who erſt repos'd his weary head,
A ſtone his pillow, the cold ground his bed,
When to his leaping heart thy joys were giv'n,
Exclaim'd with rapture—'Tis the gate of heaven!'

THEATRE.

A NEW Comic Opera, called THE CABINET, was performed, for the firſt time, on Tueſday, February 9, at Covent-garden theatre. It is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, and promiſes, from the applauſe with which it was received, to prove one of his moſt ſucceſsful pieces.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Curvoſo, Mr. Emery; Lorenzo, Mr. Incledon; Orlando, Mr. Braham; Whimſiculo, Mr. Fawcett; Marquis de Grand Chateau, Mr. Blanchard; Manikin, Mr. Simmons; Peter, Mr. Munden; Firſt Falconer, Mr. King; Second Falconer, Mr. Williams.—Conſtantia, Mrs. H. Johnſton; Floretta, Signora Storace; Crudelia, Mrs. Dibdin; Curioſa, Mrs. Maddocks; Leonora, Mrs. Atkins; Doralice, Mrs. Powell; Bianelm, Mrs. Davenport.

The opera derives its title from the uſe to which a ſuperb cabinet, containing an artificial bird, which ſings upon the preſſure of a ſecret ſpring, is appropriated. Of the plot, the following ſketch will convey an adequate idea.

Curvoſo, an avaricious Italian count, had promiſed his daughter Conſtantia, in marriage to Orlando, the prince of a ſmall independent territory in the neighbourhood, but upon the unexpected ſucceſs of Orlando's enemies, who ſuddenly deſpoil him of his lands, he revokes his conſent, and accepts the offer of an old French marquis, whoſe riches render him amiable in the eyes of the old count. Conſtantia, however, after reſpectfully expoſtulating with her father on his former promiſes to Orlando, rejects the marquis with diſdain. Whimſiculo, a confidential ſervant of Orlando's, is detected in an attempt to convey a letter to Conſtantia, and her father, glad of a pretext to break with Orlando, directly orders all the preſents and trinkets his daughter had received from the young prince to be inſtantly returned. Among them is the Cabinet, and in this Conſtantia conceals herſelf, to avoid the preſence of the marquis, when her father, enraged at not finding her, and the preſents ſtill remaining in her apartment, orders them all to be inſtantly removed, and ſeconded by the intreaties of the marquis, he thus unknowingly ſends away his daughter to the very man he wiſhed her to avoid.—Orlando, thus unexpectedly in the poſſeſſion of his miſtreſs, determines to ſolicit Curvoſo once more, in hopes that the eſcape of Conſtantia will alter her father's reſolution, as well as the pleaſing intelligence that he has repulſed his enemies and regained his territories.—He prevails on Curvoſo to favour his ſuit, and to confirm the firſt promiſe he had made; but in the mean time Conſtantia is diſcovered in her concealment by her rival, Crudelia, and confined in a caſtle. She attempts to eſcape, but falls into the lake on which it is ſituate. From this perilous ſtate ſhe is extricated, and conveyed to a ſmall iſland by Peter, an old Britiſh ſeaman, who having left his country, is attached to the family of Curvoſo. Crudelia at length relents, and having heard of Conſtantia's retreat, ſhe acquaints her family with it, who proceed to the iſland. An explanation takes place. Conſtantia and Orlando are united, and Curvoſo alſo agrees to the marriage of his ſon Lorenzo with Leonora, the ſiſter of Orlando.

In the vocal department, Braham, Incledon, and Storace take the lead, and produce as faſcinating effects as could be well expected from the combination of their reſpective powers.

The muſic, compoſed by Braham, Davy, Moorehead, Corri, and Reeves, diſplays great diverſity of talent and ſuperior ſcience.

In the dreſſes, decorations, and ſcenery, Mr. Harris has given an additional inſtance of his taſte and liberality.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tueſday, February 9.

A CONSIDERABLE number of members being in the houſe at four o'clock, Mr. Leigh, the clerk, ſaid—'It is my duty to inform the houſe, and I have this morning received a letter from the ſpeaker, the contents of which I am requeſted to communicate.—If it be the pleaſure of the houſe I ſhall read the letter.'—*(A general cry of read, read.)*

Sir, Old Palace-Yard, Feb. 9.

'His majeſty having been graciouſly pleaſed to ſignify his intention of appointing me chancellor of Ireland, I beg you will inform the houſe, at its meeting this day, that it becomes my duty to reſign the office of ſpeaker. I alſo beg that you will

expreſs the regret I feel in quitting the high ſtation to which their approbation has raiſed me, and my gratitude for the ſupport they have ſo kindly given to all my feeble endeavours in the diſcharge of the arduous duties of that office. I am, &c.'

Mr. ADDINGTON. The houſe muſt be aware that the preſent is not the time for my expreſſing the high ſenſe I entertain of the merits of the ſpeaker. From every conſideration of the reſpect in which I hold his character both as a man and in a public capacity, I ſhould rejoice at ſuch an opportunity. Circumſtanced, however, as we at preſent are, I have only to ſtate, that his majeſty has given leave to this houſe to elect a ſpeaker, to be preſented in the houſe of lords upon Thurſday next, at two o'clock, for the royal approbation. I therefore move, that this houſe do now adjourn until to-morrow.

The MASTER of the ROLLS roſe.—It was now neceſſary that the houſe ſhould proceed to the election of a ſpeaker, in the room of the right hon. gentleman who had ſo lately filled the chair. That gentleman was poſſeſſed of ſuch accurate and extenſive information, had conducted himſelf upon every occaſion in ſuch a manner, that his relinquiſhing his office muſt have excited the regret of the houſe. He was now called to fill one of the higheſt ſituations in Ireland, and how he would diſcharge the important duties of that office there could be no doubt. With regard to a ſucceſſor, the houſe could be at no loſs; it abounded with talents, knowledge, and ability, of every deſcription. The ſelection of one man does not imply that there are not others capable of filling the chair, and who would confer equal dignity and luſtre upon that high office. If unwearied attention of buſineſs, if a conſtant endeavour to direct the attention of the houſe to meaſures of ſalutary importance, and if an active attention to carry thoſe meaſures into effect, could recommend any gentleman to the chair, he was ſure that the right hon. gentleman he meant to propoſe would receive the approbation of the houſe. Where ſuch zeal was found in an individual member, what might the houſe not expect from ſuch a gentleman when in the chair? After ſeveral very high compliments, he concluded by moving, that the right hon. Charles Abbott be called to take the chair as ſpeaker.

Mr. BAKER ſeconded the motion.

Mr. SHERIDAN moved, that Mr. Charles Dundas be called to the chair as ſpeaker.

Lord G. H. CAVENDISH ſeconded the motion.

Mr. COURTENAY declared himſelf alſo in favour of it.

Mr. ABBOTT and Mr. C. DUNDAS ſeverally returned thanks to thoſe members who had propoſed them for the chair. Mr. Dundas begged Mr. Sheridan to withdraw his motion, and ſaid he ſhould ſupport Mr. Abbott.

Mr. Abbott was thereupon choſe ſpeaker without a diviſion.

Monday, February 15.

Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE preſented a petition on behalf of the printers and booksellers in London and Weſtminſter, ſetting forth the great hardſhips under which the trade laboured, in conſequence of the heavy additional duty on paper.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre, on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Addington, gave notice, that he ſhould, on Monday next, move for referring the ſaid petition to a committee. It was therefore ordered to lie on the table.

Mr ADDINGTON preſented the following meſſage from his majeſty, which was read by the ſpeaker:—

'G. R.

'His majeſty feels great concern in acquainting the houſe of commons, that the proviſion for the maintenance of his houſehold is inadequate to its ſupport. A conſiderable debt has in conſequence been incurred, the account of which his majeſty has ordered to be laid before the houſe. His majeſty relies on the zeal and affection of his faithful commons to take the ſame into their early conſideration, and to adopt ſuch meaſures as circumſtances may require.'

Mr. Addington then moved, that his majeſty's meſſage be referred to the committee of ſupply; which being ordered, Mr. Addington further gave notice, that he ſhould, to-morrow, bring down the papers and accounts alluded to in his majeſty's meſſage, and that on Wedneſday next he ſhould move for the appointment of a ſelect committee to examine the ſame.

Wedneſday, February 17.

Mr. ADDINGTON roſe, in purſuance of the notice he had given, to move, that the accounts relative to his majeſty's civil liſt, ſhould be referred to the conſideration of a committee. He intended to move, that the committee for that purpoſe ſhould be ſelect. He was aware, that the practice had been to refer all meſſages from his majeſty of a ſimilar complection to the conſideration of a committee of ſupply: but, upon the preſent occaſion, when he

conſidered the importance of the ſubject, he thought a ſelect committee would be attended with advantage, in ſo far as the houſe would be better able to form a clear opinion from the report which would follow. He was convinced, that if the houſe ſhould be pleaſed to agree to the appointment of a ſelect committee, the reſult would convince every member, that the incumbrances upon the civil liſt had been unavoidably incurred. Sixteen years had elapſed ſince the laſt ſchedule had been preſented to the houſe. Events of ſingular importance had occurred ſince that period, which had conſiderably enhanced the value of every neceſſary article. Let gentlemen compare there expences ſixteen years ago with their preſent diſburſements, and no argument would be neceſſary to ſhow how the embarraſſments upon his majeſty's civil eſtabliſhment had ariſen. All that he wiſhed was, that the houſe ſhould appoint a ſelect committee to take the civil liſt under conſideration, without forming any preopinion upon the cauſes which have produced the debt. He was deſirous of forbearing from any opinion, or of any preſentiment of the nature of the report which would be made. When that report was made, gentlemen would have formed their opinions upon the ſubject, and any diſcuſſion which might be deemed neceſſary, either to elucidate particular items, or to afford any information whatever, ſhould be moſt cheerfully met. He concluded by moving, that a ſelect committee be appointed to take into conſideration the ſeveral accounts relative to the civil liſt, preſented yeſterday by Mr. Addington, by command of his majeſty, and that they report their opinion as the ſame may appear to them to the houſe.

Mr. SPEAKER having put the queſtion,

Mr. MANNERS SUTTON roſe.--Yeſterday, when the accounts now alluded to by Mr. Addington were laid on the table, a queſtion reſpecting the proviſion for his royal highneſs the prince of Wales had been aſked by an hon. gentleman (Mr. Sheridan); no anſwer ſatisfactory could be given to that queſtion. It was in conſequence of what had paſſed upon that occaſion, that he was authorized by his royal highneſs to make a ſhort ſtatement to the houſe. It did not involve any queſtion between his majeſty and his royal highneſs; ſo far from doing ſo, ſuch was the filial regard, attachment, and reſpect, cheriſhed by the heir apparent for his auguſt father, that his royal highneſs would rather forego every advantage which he might expect, rather than the ſlighteſt degree trench upon the rights of the crown, or even agitate a claim in the houſe of commons, if it was anywiſe improper. The houſe would recollect that ſeveral grants had been made by parliament for the purpoſe of ſupporting the eſtabliſhment of the prince of Wales, for paying the debts of his royal highneſs, and upon his marriage. The claim of the prince to the dukedom of Cornwall had always been recognized, and when he ſaid ſo, he ſpoke from the authority of Mr. Mansfield, whoſe legal abilities and experience required no eulogium. He was aware that when the ſubject of his royal highneſs' debts had been touched upon lately, it was in contemplation to put him upon an eſtabliſhment for the redemption of his property, which in 1769, amounted to little ſhort of 400,000l, at preſent it amounted to little ſhort of 900,000l. This was the property of the prince as duke of Cornwall, from which there fell to be deducted the expence of his education, and various caſualties during his minority. Payments had been made to his royal highneſs, as he had ſtated, in conſequence of the grants of parliament. Theſe payments amounted altogether to only 295,000l. This evidently left a conſiderable balance due by the public. His annual income ſhould not be taken into view, becauſe, until the above balance was paid, the prince was a public creditor. Having fully ſtated theſe points, he proceeded to expreſs the confidence which his royal highneſs entertained that the houſe would act with its accuſtomed wiſdom. It was a matter of importance for the public to be acquainted with the ſituation in which the heir apparent was actually placed. It would be found that he had not received what he was juſtly entitled to, and that a conſiderable balance was remaining unpaid. He did not mean to make any propoſition upon the ſubject; it would come with much more effect from another quarter, and that it would be attended to with that high reſpect which was due to the exalted character of the prince of Wales, he entertained no kind of doubt.

Mr. FOX thanked the hon. gentleman for the able and clear manner in which he had ſtated the arrears due to his royal highneſs from the duchy of Cornwall. He perfectly approved of the wiſdom he had ſhown in ſtating, in the way he had done, that no blame could be imputed either to the preſent or any late adminiſtration. From the firſt time he had conſidered that claim, he had conſidered it as a queſtion well worthy the attention of the houſe, be-

cauſe he heartily wiſhed to ſee that claim aſſerted. He theiefore hoped that the hon. gentleman would himſelf bring forward the ſubject, and ſubmit a propoſition to the houſe. In his opinion, it was a claim of magnitude, conſequently an object of ſingular importance to the prince of Wales, and his royal highneſs could not be better adviſed than to bring it before the houſe. He was undoubtedly of opinion, that all debts paid out of the prince's allowance ought not to be deducted out of the balance due to him, and which had been ſo long kept from him. It was the greateſt hardſhip that any man could labour under, to have debts publicly ſtated, and publicly and privately commented upon. —Mr. Fox then followed Mr. Sutton through ſeveral of his ſtatements, and expreſſed a wiſh that the ſubject would ſoon come regularly before parliament. With regard to the ſubject immediately in queſtion, as his majeſty's meſſage had come down, and the neceſſary accounts of the civil liſt had been preſented, he ſhould certainly ſupport the motion for referring them to the conſideration of a committee, becauſe the ſubject required the moſt minute, particular, and ſcrupulous inveſtigation. By his aſſenting to the preſent motion, however, he was not to be underſtood as giving a *prima facie* vote in favour of the meaſure in general. There was one every important circumſtance in the hiſtory of this country ſince the revolution, which was, that it had been the principle to grant a certain ſum for the civil liſt of the king for life. He knew that many doubted the propriety of ſuch a grant, and preferred granting a ſum from year to year. He could only ſay, that in his opinion the conduct of our anceſtors in this, as in many other reſpects, was founded on the ſtrongeſt baſis, namely, wiſdom. It is upon this principle that ample proviſion was given to the ſovereign, although it is a limited proviſion: but, on the other hand, if the civil liſt is to be brought down now and then to parliament, in order that its debts may be diſcharged, and if in its expenditure it is to be liable to variation, he could ſee nothing but the moſt dangerous conſequences reſulting from theſe applications. A certain ſum is granted for the civil liſt, and his majeſty's miniſters ought to be careful and ſuit the expences to the proviſion, not the proviſion to the expences. He ſhould obſerve generally, that if the liſt was voted from year to year, that dreadful diſadvantages would accrue. For inſtance, if politics were in the ſame ſituation in which they were in king William's reign, or even in the reign of queen Anne, was the houſe ſure that the prince, if he wanted money, would not go to the tories, or the whigs, and ſee which would pay him moſt? It was upon this principle that the king might chooſe his miniſters; not from any talents or virtue they might poſſeſs: not from any conviction of the high eſtimation they were held in by the public; but merely from the money he might be able to procure through their influence over the party to which they belonged. He begged to be underſtood as making no alluſion. Such applications were injurious to the country; they were injurious to the crown itſelf, becauſe whatever profuſion may take place, a confidence was entertained, that the debts would be paid. The independence of the crown would alſo ſuffer, as by the conſtitution the civil liſt was voted in ſupport of its dignity, which would be conſiderably diminiſhed by ſuch applications. He was therefore againſt paying the debts of the civil liſt, and had thought it neceſſary to ſay thas much upon the ſubject.—After a very few further obſervations, Mr. Fox concluded by declaring that he ſhould wait until he ſaw the report of the committee, in order to form his opinion fully upon this important ſubject.

Mr. PITT thought that it certainly became the honour of the houſe to adopt ſome means for diſcharging the debts of the prince of Wales; but he thought it improper to propoſe any method.—With regard to what had fallen from the laſt hon. gentleman relative to making proviſion for the civil liſt at the commencement of each reign, ſuch a propoſition was breaking in upon the very eſſence of the conſtitution, and he muſt enter his proteſt againſt any ſuch idea. He ſhould go fully into the ſubject when the report was before the houſe.

After ſome obſervations from Mr. Nicholls relative to the leaſes let in the duchy of Cornwall during the minority of the prince, the motion was put and carried.

The following twenty-one members were then appointed as the ſelect committee, five to be a quorum, viz.—Mr. Bragge, the chancellor of the exchequer, ſir W. Scott, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Hawkins Browne, lord Arden, Mr. Crew, lord Caſtlereagh, Mr. Plomer, Mr. Long, Mr. Baker, ſir Robert Buxton, Mr. Elliſon, Mr. Stanley, lord Lovain, Mr. Burdon, ſir James Pulteney, Mr. Samuel Thornton, Mr. Hobhouſe, Mr. French, and Mr. N. Vanſittart.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

JANUARY 30.

Yeſterday James Belcher, the famous pugiliſt, who, together with Burke, ſtands indicted at the laſt quarter ſeſſion for the county of Berks, for a miſdemeanour, in conſpiring to fight, and afterward riotouſly and unlawfully aſſaulting and publicly fighting, at Hurley Bottom, in the ſaid county, were brought before N. Bond, eſq. at Bow-ſtreet, by Sayer, one of the officers, who apprehended him on lord Radnor's warrant from that county, backed by Mr. Bond; when producing the neceſſary bail to anſwer the ſaid indictment, namely, himſelf in the ſum of 200l. and two ſureties in the ſum of 100l. each, he was liberated.

Joſeph Ward and Henry Lee, the former ſecond to Belcher, and the latter to Burke, in the abovementioned battle, and who alſo ſtand indicted at the ſame ſeſſion, for aiding and aſſiſting in the riot and breach of the peace, and who had been arreſted under ſimilar warrants, appeared and entered into a like recognizance to anſwer the complaint.—Burke, not being able to find bail, was ſent to Reading gaol, where he muſt remain till his trial comes on, at the next quarter ſeſſions for that county.

FEBRUARY 3.

The ſtorm of Thurſday ſe'nnight exceeded any thing ever experienced like it in the Iſle of man. Upon major Taubman's eſtate at Nunnery, upward of 200 trees were blown down; ſeveral others were torn up in different parts of the iſland; a great number of houſes unroofed; the pier at Douglas conſiderably injured: and the golden ball on the top of the light houſe was blown off into the water.

FEBRUARY 10.

The prohibition of the exportation from Ruſſia of planks and maſts, iſſued by the late emperor Paul I, is now repealed, and the free exportation of timber again permitted.

FEBRUARY 13.

Sierra Leone Houſe, Feb. 12.—Diſpatches have been received from the governor and council of Sierra Leone, dated 16th of December laſt, which ſtate a ſudden and unprovoked attack on the ſettlement, to have been made by ſome neighbouring natives, on the 18th of November.

The following is the ſubſtance of the governor and council's communication:

On the morning of the 18th of Nov. a body of Timmaneys (the ſubjects of king Firama and king Tom) made a furious and unexpected aſſault on the fort. A ſmall but ſelect party of them, ſaid to be headed by two rebel ſettlers, forced their way into the fort, ſupported by a number of markſmen, who kept up a very deſtructive fire on thoſe who advanced to repel them. In about 15 minutes lieut. Laidlow and ſerjeant Blackwood, and one private of the African corps, Mr. Cox, Mr. Crankapone, and ſeveral others, were killed; and governor Dawes, meſſrs. Gray, Carr, and ſome others, were wounded. At length a ſmall body of ſoldiers and ſettlers, collected from different quarters, and headed by the governor in perſon, gallantly puſhed forward, and with the bayonet drove the enemy from the fort.—The retreat of the aſſailants ſoon became general. Their loſs appears to have been conſiderable, and at leaſt equal to that ſuſtained by the defenders of the fort. The enemy, though baffled in their enterpriſe, ſtill maintained a threatening poſition to the weſtward of the colony, apparently with the hope of recruiting their numbers. It became, therefore, an object of the firſt importance to diſlodge them; and ſeveral ſucceſſive expeditions, undertaken with this view, in which the Maroons aſſiſted, were attended with ſuch ſucceſs, that by the 4th of December they had been completely driven from the diſtrict which lies between the ſettlement and cape Sierra Leone, with ſcarcely any loſs on the part of the colony. This treacherous and unprovoked aggreſſion is excluſively attributed to the Timmaneys, and it appears to have ſtrongly excited the indignation of many of the neighbouring African chiefs, ſeveral of whom had repaired, with a conſiderable number of men, to the aſſiſtance of the ſettlement, and had joined in the excurſions which were undertaken againſt the enemy.

The governor and council obſerve—We cannot paſs unnoticed the exertions of thoſe brave men, both Europeans and ſettlers, who defended the fort on the morning of the attack. Some of them are now inſenſible to human praiſe, and others lie languiſhing under the effect of thoſe wounds to which their intrepidity expoſed them. Mr. Cox, the ſtorekeeper, was ſhot dead in attempting to ſave the maga-

zine from the ravages of the enemy. Lieut. Laidlow, at the early part of the action, met with the ſame fate. Mr. Crankapone, a Nova Scotia black, came up to the fort at an early hour: but his ſolicitude for the ſafety of thoſe who remained in the town, cauſed him to return thither. He received his firſt wound in his way back to the fort. Still preſſing forward with unabated ſpirit, he received a ſecond and a third, which terminated a life diſtinguiſhed for years by the moſt important ſervices. Such a loſs will long be felt by the colony. Others, who were wounded or eſcaped unhurt, are perhaps on this occaſion entitled to equal praiſe with the foregoing.—The gallant and undaunted ſpirit of Mr. Wilſon, prompted him to volunteer his ſervices wherever they were moſt needed. George Clark and John Gordon, ſettlers, were among the foremoſt in making the charge which drove the enemy out of the fort. The ſoldiers in general behaved with the ſteadineſs of men who had ſeen ſervice, and through the whole action kept up a very galling and effective fire on the enemy. Captain Bullen, of his majeſty's ſloop the Waſp, has been ſolicitous, from the hour of his arrival, to meet and even prevent our wiſhes. The preſence and aid of a ſhip of war, in a ſituation like ours, are invaluable.

When the diſpatches came away, ſome pacific overtures had been made: the conditions of peace propoſed by the company, being thoſe of having the rebel ſettlers delivered up, and the diſtrict to the weſtward of Freetown, which had been poſſeſſed by king Tom, the principal in the war, ceded to the company.

The governor and council alſo acknowledge the ſervices rendered to the colony on this occaſion, by capt. Haib, of the Hope, and capt. Stott, of the Fraternite, two Liverpool letters of marque then lying in the river.

Liſt of killed and wounded on the morning of Nov. 18. Killed.—Lieut. Laidlow, of the African corps; ſerjeant Blackwood, of ditto; W. Hooper, a private of ditto; Mr. Cox, ſtore-keeper; nine ſettlers, viz. ſix men and three women. Mortally wounded.—Wm. Baker, a private of the African corps, ſince dead; J. Steel, ditto; five ſettlers, of whom four are ſince dead. Wounded, but already recovered, or likely to recover.—Governor Dawes, in the ſhoulder and breaſt; Mr. Gray, Mr. Corr, and Mr. Wilſon, in the leg; Mr. Gordon, in the head and ſhoulder; ſeven privates of the African corps; 24 ſettlers, viz. eighteen men and ſix women. Total killed, or ſince dead 18. Wounded 38.

Subſequent to the 18th, the following loſs was ſuſtained in an attack on one of the enemy's towns, by the exploſion of ſome powder kegs; Mr. Wilſon, and five natives, allies of the colony, were burnt. Mr. Wilſon has recovered, but three of the natives died. In another attack one ſeaman of the Waſp was killed and four wounded.

FEBRUARY 15.

Margate, Feb. 10. The hoy Margate, of Margate, John Goodborn, captain, Mr. John Sacket, owner, very deeply laden with corn for the London market, having a crew of four men, and twenty eight paſſengers, ſailed from the harbour in moderate weather at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and came to anchor in the roads till near nine in the evening, when they again got under ſail, and ſoon after the weather began to be very tempeſtuous; but they continued working againſt the wind till they had arrived, about midnight, off Reculver, with the intention of going to anchor under the hook of Margate ſand.—On making their laſt tack toward the land, the ſtrop of the ſounding lead broke, and though the veſſel was put about, yet before another lead could be fitted ſhe ſtruck, it was ſuppoſed, on the tail of the Reculver ſand: they then let go the anchor, and the water flowing, the veſſel ſwung off and rode clear. They then got up the anchor, and ſetting the ſails, ſhe was drawn off the land, when the gib-tackle broke, which made it impoſſible to get her head from the wind: the captain then lathed down the tiller, and went forward to ſet another gib-ſail, when, by the veſſel's ſtriking the ground, the tiller was rent in two, and before it could be replaced the rudder was beat off, and thereby the veſſel was rendered totally unmanageable. They then let go their anchor a ſecond time, but the hoy continuing to beat on the ground in the moſt alarming manner, and apprehending ſhe had ſprung a leak, and finding the pumps were choaked, they were forced to let ſlip the cable, and let her drive in to ſhore, on which ſhe was beaten about a mile and a half from the village of Reculver. The ſcene then became truly horrible, as a moſt dreadful ſea was breaking over the veſſel every moment, and the women and children uttering the moſt lamentable cries. In the midſt of this diſtreſs,

Mr. Bone, paſſenger, and local preacher in the connection of the late rev. John Weſley, like the true chriſtian and faithful divine, with great reſignation, exhorted and prayed with his fellow-ſufferers, and was heard by the ſurvivors to the very laſt, lifting his voice in ſupplications and praiſes to his Redeemer.—Five of the paſſengers and four of the crew having taken to the ſhrouds, were ſaved by continuing there till the water was ſo lowered that they could get on the ſhore, about five in the morning. One other paſſenger, Mr. Jeſſe Carroway, of Margate, was ſwept off the deck, but moſt providentially, after ſome little exertion, was thrown on the beach by the waves, and eſcaped; and ſuppoſes that very ſoon after the cabin was filled with water, and ſeven paſſengers who remained therein drowned, and the remaining fourteen and the captain, who were on deck, were then ſwept away by the mercileſs waves, as while he lay on the beach, he heard a general ſcream of diſtreſs, and then all was ſtill!—The ſcene which the morning preſented to the afflicted ſpectators, who by ten o'clock were ſome hundreds, from Margate and the neighbouring villages, it is impoſſible to deſcribe, as within the ſpace of a mile and a half on the beach, ſixteen men and women lay dead on the ſhore, and very ſoon after ſeven other paſſengers were taken in the ſame ſtate from the cabin, making in the whole twenty three perſons; as follows:

Loſt.—*Of Margate*—John Goodborn, captain; Mr. Bone, carpenter; Mr. H. Thornton, ditto; Sarah Thornton, his wife: H. Thornton, their ſon, aged ſixteen years; Mrs. Crow; and Thos. Edmunds, ſon of Thos. Edmunds, White Hart inn, aged nineteen years. *From Margate*—Miſs A Smith Nelbitt, No. 5, Holles-ſtreet, Clare-market, London; Mrs. Owen; —— Wood, of Little Chelſea, her ſervant; Mary Hoof, of Rotherhithe; Sarah Watſon, of Folkſtone, ſervant at the White Hart, Margate: and Mrs. Tatnal, of Ramſgate. *From Ramſgate*—Robert ——; Sarah Jones, No. 6, Vere-ſtreet, Clare-market, both ſervants to miſs Miller, at Ramſgate; Robert Melville, of London, hoſtler; —— Furnden, of Guildford, from Mr. Pierce's, ſhoemaker; a man from Mr. Spurgeon's, butcher; an American ſailor, who ſaid he had been caſt away before. *From Broadſtairs*—Mrs. Jacobs and Mrs. Field, of Broadſtairs; John Taylor, ſon of J. Taylor, ſhipwright, of Wapping; and John Beazley, No. 9, Liſſon-ſtreet, near Paddington.

Saved.—Mr. Jeſſe Carroway, Margate; Mr. Nuckel, of the library, Broadſtairs; Mr. Taylor, Margate; Mr. Field, Broadſtairs; —— Buſbridge, St. Peter's; and —— Dare, of London. The Crew—Edward Sayer, mate; John Smith, John Wood, and William Singleton, ſailors.

FEBRUARY 18.

Yeſterday the ſeſſion commenced at the Old Bailey, before the judges Hotham, Chambre, and Le Blanc, the recorder, &c.

FEBRUARY 20.

The public will be gratified to hear that the gold medals the grand ſignor directed to be preſented to the officers employed in Egypt, as a teſtimony of the high ſenſe which he entertained of their gallant and memorable achievements, have been delivered accordingly. The following order has been iſſued on the occaſion by the officer commanding the 28th regiment at Wincheſter:—

'Lieut. col. Chambers has the happineſs to inform the regiment, that he has this moment received from gen. Whitelocke, through the commanding officer of the diſtrict, a gold medal for each officer who was preſent with the corps on its landing in Egypt. The medal is a preſent from the grand ſignor, and an honourable teſtimony of his approbation, and of the high ſenſe the Ottoman Porte entertains of the gallant and brilliant ſucceſs achieved by the regiment, and our brother officers and ſoldiers, in the late important and ever memorable actions in Egypt. Lieut. col. Chambers having witneſſed the faithful and gallant exertions of the officers and men in Egypt, who contributed ſo much to raiſe the glory of the Britiſh arms, and to crown the campaign againſt the beſt troops of France, with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs, cannot refrain on this occaſion to expreſs his ſincere hope that they may long live to enjoy this mark of the grand ſignor's approbation, and the applauſe and gratitude of their king and country.'

How well the officers of the 28th regiment have merited this mark of diſtinction, and how much they are entitled to the applauſe and gratitude of their king and country, will beſt appear by adverting briefly to the very arduous part which it fell to the lot of this corps to perform in the memorable action of the 21ſt of March. On that day the 28th regiment

was poſted in a redoubt a little in front of the reſerve, where it received the firſt onſet of a choſen body of the enemy, volunteers for that particular ſervice. After repeated efforts to take the works, in which they ſometimes got to the top, they were repulſed with great ſlaughter. In this deſperate conflict the 28th and 58th were engaged for nearly twenty minutes, and the ammunition of theſe two advanced corps, 160 rounds, almoſt expended, before the ſecond line could come to their ſupport, when the enemy made their laſt effort, in which they were ſo completely defeated by the 23d, 42d, general Stewart's brigade, &c. It was during this awful period that the enemy's cavalry charged the 28th in rear, while warmly engaged with the infantry in front (the gorge of the redoubt being quite open) when the rear rank faced about, gave them one fire, which killed or wounded every man and horſe in ſight, and then reſumed their proper front as regularly as if nothing had happened.

On Wedneſday a numerous meeting of the Highland ſociety was held at the Shakſpeare tavern, and application having been made by the ſociety to the colonel of the Highland regiment that diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo highly in the battle of the 21ſt of March, before Alexandria, for ſerjeant Sinclair, who took the ſtandard from the officer belonging to Bonaparte's invincibles, to attend the meeting, he accordingly came from Winchester, where the regiment is lying, and had the honour of dining with the ſociety. He was told if he wiſhed to leave the army, the ſociety would provide for him in another way; this he declined, and the ſociety came to the reſolution to procure him a captain's commiſſion. The ſociety have reſolved to have medals ſtruck in honour of the victory, and to preſent them to all the officers and men of the regiment.

FEBRUARY 23.

A melancholy accident happened a few nights ago, at the houſe of Richard Hiffernan, eſq. in Weymouth-ſtreet, Portland-place. After the family had retired to reſt, Mrs. Hiffernan, and a lady on a viſit at the houſe, were alarmed by the ſmell of ſomething burning; they proceeded down ſtairs, and upon opening the kitchen door, they beheld the cook lying on the floor, burnt in a moſt ſhocking manner. Medical aſſiſtance was immediately ſent for, but it was found that the poor creature had been dead ſome time before ſhe was firſt diſcovered. It is ſuppoſed the accident muſt have happened from the candle, which was burning near her, as there was not a particle of fire in the grate. An inqueſt was held on the body, and the jury brought in a verdict of—Accidental death.

DIVING BOAT.

St. Aubin, a man of letters at Paris, and member of the Tribunate, gives the following account of the *bateau plongeur*, a diving-boat, lately diſcovered by Mr. Fulton, an American:—

I have, ſays he, juſt been to inſpect the plan and ſection of a nautilus, or diving-boat, invented by Mr. Fulton, ſimilar to that with which he lately made his curious and intereſting experiments at Havre and Breſt.

The diving-boat, in the conſtruction of which he is now employed, will be capacious enough to contain eight men, and proviſions enough for twenty days, and will be of ſufficient ſtrength and power to enable him to plunge 100 feet under water, if neceſſary. He has contrived a reſervoir for air, which will enable eight men to remain under water for eight hours.—When the boat is above water, it has two ſails, and looks juſt like a common boat. When ſhe is to dive, the maſts and ſails are ſtruck. In making his experiments at Havre, Mr. Fulton not only remained a whole hour under water with three of his companions, but held his boat parallel to the horizon at any given depth. He proved that the compaſs points as correctly under the water as on the ſurface, and that while under water, the boat made way at the rate of half a league an hour, by means contrived for that purpoſe.

It is not twenty years ſince all Europe was aſtoniſhed at the firſt aſcenſion of men in balloons: perhaps in a few years they will not be leſs ſurpriſed to ſee a flotilla of diving-boats, which, on a given ſignal, ſhall, to avoid the purſuit of an enemy, plunge under water, and riſe again ſeveral leagues from the place where they deſcended!

The attention of balloons has hitherto been of no advantage, becauſe no means have been found to direct their courſe. But if ſuch means could be diſcovered, what would become of camps, cannon, fortreſſes, and the whole art of war?

But if we have not ſucceeded in ſteering the balloon, and even were it impoſſible to attain that object, the caſe is different with the diving-boat, which can be conducted under water in the ſame manner as upon

the ſurface. It has the advantage of ſailing like a common boat, and alſo of diving when it is purſued.—With theſe qualities it is fit for carrying ſecret orders; to ſuccour a blockaded port, and to examine the force and poſition of an enemy in their own harbours. Theſe are ſure and evident benefits, which the diving-boat at preſent promiſes. But who can ſee all the conſequences of this diſcovery, or the improvements of which it is ſuſceptible? Mr. Fulton has already added to his boat a machine, by means of which he blew up a large boat in the port of Breſt; and if by future experiments the ſame effect could be produced on frigates or ſhips of the line, what will become of maritime wars, and where will ſailors be found to man ſhips of war, when it is phyſical certainty, that they may every moment be blown into the air by means of a diving-boat, againſt which no human foreſight can guard them?

FEBRUARY 25.

The following comparative ſtatement of the Britiſh and French marine, at the commencement of the war in 1793; and at the preſent period, cannot fail to be highly gratifying to every true friend of England

The Britiſh navy, in February, 1793, conſiſted of

	Ships of the line.	Frigates.
	135	133
In Oct. 1801.	202	277
Being an increaſe of	67	144

The French navy, in February, 1793, conſiſting of

	Ships of the line.	Frigates.
	80	66
In Oct. 1801,	29	35
Being a decreaſe of	51	31

During the war, 90 French, Spaniſh, Dutch, or Daniſh, ſhips of the line, four fifties—190 frigates—250 ſloops—940 privateers, and about 5500 merchantmen, have been loſt, taken, or deſtroyed.

DOMINGO.

THE ſtate of St. Domingo, both with reſpect to France and our colonies in the Weſt Indies, becomes every day the ſubject of increaſed intereſt. While the public waits with anxiety to learn the arrival and fate of the expedition which ſailed on the 14th of December from France, we are enabled to lay before our readers ſeveral important details relative to the late alarming inſurrection, and the general ſtate of the iſland, tranſmitted in letters from Port Republicain.

In the maſſacres committed by the negroes, on the breaking out of the inſurrection, it is now aſcertained that the number of white people who periſhed is much greater than was at firſt generally imagined. It was originally ſtated at about two hundred, next raiſed to three hundred and ſeventy, and the liſt of ſufferers were afterward ſwelled to five hundred. It now however appears, from further inveſtigation and more correct accounts, that no leſs than eight hundred, including men, women, and children, have loſt their lives. The inſurgents are deſcribed by thoſe who were witneſſes of the barbarous ſcenes, and who were fortunate enough to eſcape, to have been guilty of the moſt atrocious cruelty. Whole pariſhes were laid waſte by the conſpirators; and ſome idea of the determined ſpirit and *ſang froid* with which thoſe ſavages proceeded to the work of blood, may be conceived by the following circumſtance: in one of the pariſhes thus devaſtated reſided monſieur Rabie, a gentleman of conſiderable property, who had arrived but a few weeks before from Nantes, with his wife, two ſons, a daughter, and a tutor for his ſons in order to take poſſeſſion of his eſtates under the protection of the new government. He was at dinner with his family, when a band of negroes entered, headed by one belonging to the plantation. Having enquired the cauſe of their abrupt intruſion, he was anſwered by his own negro, that they came to bleed him and his family. Monſ. Rabie, his two ſons, and their tutor, were inſtantly butchered by the ſavages, who made uſe of long knives, known by the name of manchettes. His wife and daughter fled by a back entrance upon the appearance of the negroes, and eſcaped in a boat, as the plantation was ſituate on the coaſt.

General Touſſaint and his principal officers highly diſtinguiſhed themſelves, from the diſcloſure of the conſpiracy to its ſuppreſſion, for their activity and zeal in protecting the white inhabitants. The rigour with which Touſſaint puniſhed the inſurgents, particularly thoſe who were concerned in the maſſacres, was indeed, as he himſelf obſerves in his official addreſs, calculated to 'ſtrike terror into the moſt hardened criminals.' In leſs than fifteen days above 2000 were executed.

When theſe accounts, which reach to the 13th of December, came away from St. Domingo, although tranquillity was in general reſtored, a conſiderable degree of diſtruſt and alarm prevailed, and even ſome families had been maſſacred at Marigas, near Port aux Cayes, by thoſe hords of brigands which ſtill remained in rebellion. They are chiefly compoſed of runaway negroes, and under the command of L'Amouderance, a fellow of a moſt daring intrepidity, whom they have choſen for their leader. They occupy an almoſt impregnable poſition in the mountains and faſtneſſes between Port Republicain and Port aux Cayes. L'Amouderance was extremely active in the late revolt, and profeſſes himſelf an irreconcileable enemy to all European connection.

SHERIFFS appointed for the Year 1802.

BEDFORDSHIRE—John Higgins, jun. of Turvey, eſq.
Berkſhire—The hon. Thomas Windſor, of Braywick,
Buckinghamſhire—James Oldham Oldham, of Miſſenden-abbey,
Cambridge and Huntingdon—Thomas Aveling, of Whittleſea,
Cheſhire—Lawrence Wright, of Mottram St. Andrew,
Cornwall—Thomas Carlyon, of Tregrehan,
Cumberland—Edward Haſell, of Dalemain,
Derbyſhire—Thomas Princep, of Croxall,
Devonſhire—Poſtponed.
Dorſetſhire—Edmund Morton Pleydell, of Whatcombe,
Eſſex—Robert Raikes, of Great Illford,
Glouceſterſhire—James Muſgrave, of Barnſley-park,
Herefordſhire—Edward Bolton Clive, of Treville,
Hertfordſhire—Jacob Boſanquet, of Broxborn-park,
Kent—Thomas Godfrey, of Aſh,
Leiceſterſhire—Poſtponed.
Lincolnſhire—Henry Dalton, of Naith,
Monmouthſhire—Thomas Morgan, of the Hill,
Norfolk—Robert Wilſon, of Didlington,
Northamptonſhire—Robert Cary Elwes, of Great Billing,
Northumberland—Charles William Bigge, of Benton-houſe,
Nottinghamſhire—Robert Lowe, of Oxton,
Oxfordſhire—Thomas Toovey, of Nettlebed,
Rutlandſhire—William Gilſon, of Burleigh,
Shropſhire—William Ferriday, of Dawla Parva,
Somerſetſhire—Benjamin Greenhill, of Stone Eaſton,
Staffordſhire—Robert Parker, of Park-hall, eſqrs.
Southampton—Sir Edward Hulſe, of Breamore, bart.
Suffolk—Thomas Cuckfedge, of Bury St. Edmund's,
Surry—Edward Peppin, of Walton-lodge, eſqrs.
Suſſex—Sir Wm. Aſhburnham, of Broomham, bart.
Warwickſhire—Heneage Legg, of Aſton, eſq.
Wiltſhire—Sir Andrew Bayntun, of Spye-park, bart.
Worceſterſhire—Thomas Newnham, of Broadwas, eſq.
Yorkſhire—Sir William Foulis, of Ingleby-manor, bart.

SOUTH WALES.

Carmarthen—Thomas Owen, of Glaſfoult,
Pembrokeſhire—Hugh Stokes, of Hubberſton,
Cardiganſhire—David Davis, of Glan yr Occas,
Glamorganſhire—Richard Manſel Phillips, of Sketty-hall,
Brecon—Joſeph Sparkes, of Penyworlod,
Radnor—John Sherburne, of Lladdrindod, eſqrs.

NORTH WALES.

Carnarvon—Robert Wynne, of Llaunerch,
Angelſey—William Bulkeley Hughes, of Bryndda,
Merioneth—John Meredith Moſtyn, of Clegir,
Montgomery—Pryce Jones, of Coſronidd,
Denbigh—Daniel Leô, of Llannerch park, eſqrs.
Flint—Sir Stephen Glynne, of Broad-lane, bart.

CIRCUITS for the LENT ASSIZES.

Northern—Lord Kenyon, and Mr. juſtice Rooke.
Norfolk—Lord Alvanley, and Mr. juſtice Groſe.
Midland—Chief baron, and Mr. baron Graham.
Home—Mr. baron Hotham, and Mr. juſtice Heath.
Oxford—Mr. baron Thomſon, and Mr. juſtice Chambre.
Weſtern—Mr. juſtice Laurence, and Mr. juſtice Le Blanc.

SHIPS captured from the ENEMY.

ESPERANCE, Spaniſh privateer, by the Lark.

Chiffone, French frigate, of 42 guns, by the La Sybille.

MARRIAGES.

SIR Francis Vincent, bart. to miſs Jane Bouverie, fourth daughter of the hon. Edward Bouverie, M. P.

Colonel Croſbie, to miſs Thomas, only daughter of George William Thomas, eſq. M. P.

Iſaac D'Iſraeli, eſq. of the Adelphi, to miſs Baſevi, of Billiter-ſquare.

Robert Dewas, eſq. of Clapham, Surry, to miſs Weſt, of the ſame place.

Right hon. lord Sinclair, to miſs Chiſholme, only daughter of James Chiſholme, eſq.

DEATHS.

RIGHT hon. lady Lucy Meyrick.

John Rapalje, eſq. of Kenſington, aged 74.

Mrs. Lambert, of Little Chelſea, aged 90.

John Cartier, eſq. of Bedgbury, Kent.

Sir H. W. Sheridan, bart. of Elford-houſe, Kent.

Thomas Walker, eſq. accountant-general of the court of Chancery, aged 74.

Paul Vaillant, eſq. aged 87.

William Miles, eſq. aged 80.

Lady Jane Courtenay, aged 79.

Right hon. Welbore Ellis Agar, lord Mendip, aged 89.

Counteſs of Leiceſter.

Captain Henry Collins, aged 78.

Rear-admiral J. Brenton.

John White, eſq. of the houſe of commons.

Earl of Clare, lord-chancellor of Ireland.

Earl of Belmore.

George Auguſtus Delanoe, eſq.

Right hon. admiral lord Graves.

Duke of St. Alban's.

Dr. D. P. Layard, of Greenwich, aged 82.

William Browne, eſq. late governor of Bermuda.

Rev. Samuel Alderſey, of Cheſhire, aged 88.

Mrs. J. Buller, of Morval, daughter of the biſhop of Ely.

Lady Anſtruther.

George Innes, eſq. of the Adelphi.

Thomas Seals, of Graſsthrop, Nottinghamſhire, aged 106.

Dr. John Moore, author of Zeluco, &c.

PROMOTIONS.

RIGHT hon. ſir John Mitford, knt.—to be a baron of the united kingdom, by the title of baron Redeſdale, of Redeſdale, in Northumberland; alſo

The ſaid John baron Redeſdale to be chancellor and keeper of the great ſeal of Ireland.

Lincoln's-Inn. Hilary Term—The following gentlemen have been called to the degree of Barriſters at Law, by the honourable ſociety of Lincoln's-Inn:—Francis Williams Sanders, James Wake, Chriſtopher Thomas Tower, John Peter Grant, Robert Vyner, Samuel Woodfield Paul, Edward Vernon Utterſon, Henry Clive, Joſeph Martin, Abraham Moore, Edward Jerningham, and Edward William Roberts, eſqrs.

BANKRUPTS. From the GAZETTE.

JANUARY 26.

D. HUGHES, Liverpool, draper.

S. Booth, Romiley, Cheſter, muſlin-manufacturer.

T. Mattingly, Stanford in the Vale, Berkſhire, corn-dealer.

J. Sharpe, Luton, Bedfordſhire, ſhop-keeper.

J. Collier, Little Buſh-lane, Cannon-ſtreet, oil-broker.

J. Scott, Knottingley, Yorkſhire, ſcrivener.

B. George, Pope's Head-alley, needle-maker.

G. Simcock, Bolt and Tun-yard, Fleet-ſtreet, coach-maſter.

W. Rothwell, Manchester, manufacturer.

W. Smalley, Blackburn, Lancaſhire, cotton-manufacturer.

J. Lupton, Middleham, Yorkſhire, dealer.

J. Wilſon, Strand, umbrella-maker.

JANUARY 30.

S. Morton, Witney, Oxford, blanket-weaver.

J. Wilkes, St. James'-ſtreet, gunſmith.

J. Parker, Carlby, Lincolnſhire, miller.

C. Cobb, Ringwood, in Hants, linen-draper.

J. Laſargue, Walbrook, merchant.

W. Savage, Liverpool, merchant.

J. Mathiſon, Liverpool, merchant.

S. Nock, and J. Nock, Dudley, Worceſterſhire, ironmongers.

C. Paddey, W. Purcell, and J. Hargreaves, Congleton, Cheſter, cotton-manufacturers.

R. Dyer, Witney, Oxford, blanket-weaver.

W. Field, Streatham, Surry, victualler.
W. R. Amber, Old Brentford, timber-merchant.
C. G. Howard, Conduit-ſtreet, Hanover-ſquare, milliner.
R. Gillham, Holywell-ſtreet, Strand, tavern-keeper.
W. Jeffs, Strand, haberdaſher.
J. Dyke, Manley, Cheſter, corn-dealer.

FEBRUARY 2.

J. R. Anderſon, Throgmorton-ſtreet, merchant.
J. Gray, Birmingham, horſe-dealer.
J. Lees, and S. Slater, Mancheſter, dealers in weft and twiſt.
R. Clarke, King-ſtreet, Covent-garden, linen-draper.
R. Stubbs the elder, R. Stubbs the younger, G. Stubbs, and J. Stubbs, Stockton-upon-Tees, Durham, upholders.
G. Danſon, and A. Z. D. Cuvelie, Lancaſter, brokers.
T. Smith, Derby, worſted-ſpinner.
T. Cook, Much Cowarn, Herefordſhire, farmer.
J. Cox, Church-ſtreet, Hackney, oilman.
J. Barneſley, and J. Smith, Bedwardine, Worceſterſhire, Morocco ſhoe-manufacturers.

FEBRUARY 6.

R. J. Lambe, London, merchant.
J. Dyke, Manley, Cheſter, corn-dealer.
J. Watſon, Brocksfield, Northumberland, corn-merchant.
H. Ring, Tunbridge, Kent, carpenter.
R. B. Jameſon, Droitwich, Worceſterſhire, miller.
J. Gilpin, Wrexham, in Denbighſhire, linen-draper.
T. Rudderforth, Biſhopſgate ſtreet, ſtaymaker.
C. Rogerſon, Warrington, merchant.
J. Spencer, Circus-ſtreet, Marybone, builder.
M. Benjamin, Lime-ſtreet-ſquare, merchant.
J. Elvy the younger, Maidſtone, Kent, taylor.

FEBRUARY 9.

J. Graham, Berwick-upon-Tweed, baker.
J. Cunningham, Yoxford, in Suffolk, grocer.
J. E. Holmes, and W. Hall, Croſby-ſquare, merchants.
W. Tremlett, Totnes, in Devonſhire, ſhopkeeper.
T. Bent, Davyhulme, Lancaſhire, cotton-manufacturer.
I. R. Dale, Exeter, earthenwareman.
F. Lodge, Pontefract, in Yorkſhire, vintner.
W. Jacks, Briſtol, merchant.
I. Hancock, Briſtol, cheeſe-factor.

FEBRUARY 13.

W. Earle, and J. Hemet, Albemarle-ſtreet, bookſellers.
A. Dulau, Soho-ſquare, bookſeller.
J. Aſhworth, Wadſworth, Yorkſhire, ſhopkeeper.
R. S. Biley, Old-ſtreet, rope manufacturer.
H. Turner, St. Martin's-le grand, ſilk-manufacturer.
R. Bell, Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, butcher.
J. Jones, Cheſter, ſhoe-maker.
E. V. Wertheim, Arundel-ſtreet, in the Strand, merchant.
J. Jones, Kingſton-upon-Hull, grocer.
A. Johnſon, Cheſterfield, Derbyſhire, grocer.

FEBRUARY 16.

S. Wells, Leonard-ſquare, Shoreditch, corn-chandler.
B. Jackſon, Wentworth, in Yorkſhire, corn-dealer.
T. Gamble the younger, Leiceſter, woolcomber.
C. Alderſon, Beccles, Suffolk, ſhopkeeper.
W. Fiſher the younger, Brieſt-whiſtle, Yorkſhire, clothier.
G. Hawkins, Fiſh-ſtreet-hill, druggiſt.
J. Snowden, Liverpool, merchant.

FEBRUARY 20.

S. Newton, Mancheſter, corn-factor.
S. Every, Liverpool, ſhip-chandler.
G. Dike, Abingdon-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, ſhoemaker.
J. Reeves, Chandos-ſtreet, Covent-garden, dealer.
T. Starcy, Newgate-ſtreet, wholeſale linen-draper.
R. Comber, Lewes, Suſſex, watch-maker.
J. Rothwell, Nottingham, hoſier.
J. E. Wallis, Colcheſter, merchant.
E. Parquet, Somers Town, diſtiller.
M. M'Garry, Bell Wharf, Shadwell, victualler.
J. Lyon, Savage-gardens, merchant.
R. Bakewell, Bridges-ſtreet, Covent-garden, coffeehouſe-keeper.
H. Hiams, Waller-row, Lambeth, umbrella-maker.
P. Winton, Bermondſey, victualler.
J. Underwood, Great Marlborough-ſtreet, apothecary.
A. Arbuthnot, and R. Bracken, Philpot-lane, merchants.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FORSYTH's Treatiſe on Fruit Trees, 4to, 1 11s 6d.

Bacon's (Lord) Miſcellaneous Writings, 12mo, 6s 6d.

Burder's Oriental Cuſtoms, or Illuſtration of the Sacred Scriptures, 8vo, 9s 6d.

Minerva Caſtle, 3 vol. 12mo, 13s 6d.

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Hiſtory of Netterville, or Chance Peſtrian, 2 vol. 12mo, 8s.

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Fulton's Engliſh Dictionary, ſquare 12mo, 4s, bound.

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Birom's Inquiry into the Corn Trade, 4to, 12s.

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Buffon's Natural Hiſtory of Oviparous Quadrupeds and Serpents, 4 vol. 8vo, 2l 2s.

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Evans' Eſſays on the Action for Money had and received, on the Law of Aſſurances, &c. 8vo, 10s 6d.

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Home's Hiſtory of the Rebellion, in 1745, 4to, 1l 1s.

Maltby's Illuſtrations of the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion, 8vo, 5s 6d.

Cecil's Memoirs of John Bacon, Eſq. 2s 6d.

Urania, or The Illumine, a Comedy, 2s.

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Brewiter's Secular Eſſay, or View of Events in the 18th Century, 8vo, 7s 6d.

St. Mary's Abbey, 2 vol. 12mo, 7s.

Collectanea; Anecdotes, &c. from Foreign Authors, 12mo, 5s.

Claims of Literature, 8vo, 7s 6d.

Cornelia, or Myſtic Tomb, 4 vol. 12mo, 18s.

Plowden's Conſtitution of the United Kingdom, 8vo, 10s.

Lamb's John Woodvil, with Fragments of Burton, 12mo, 3s.

Dallas' Elements of Self-knowledge, 8vo, 10s 6d.

Sawrey's Inquiry into ſome of the Effects of the Venereal Priſon, 8vo, 5s.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN.

February 13, 1802.

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels.

	Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Inland Counties.								
Middleſex	76	9	—	—	39	0	25	5
Surry	78	0	38	0	39	0	25	2
Hertford	72	4	46	6	38	4	23	10
Bedford	75	9	53	4	42	6	25	1
Huntingdon	73	0	—	—	36	6	17	8
Northampton	74	6	—	—	39	6	18	8
Rutland	78	6	—	—	42	0	20	6
Leiceſter	77	4	—	—	42	9	18	8
Nottingham	81	0	50	0	48	8	22	0
Derby	82	4	—	—	49	0	22	4
Stafford	80	1	—	—	49	0	23	3
Salop	80	6	57	2	49	1	23	1
Hereford	71	0	54	4	43	3	22	8
Worceſter	79	3	48	8	45	8	28	11
Warwick	82	4	—	—	47	1	24	6
Wilts	65	2	—	—	35	4	24	4
Berks	72	11	—	—	35	2	25	2
Oxford	70	9	—	—	36	10	22	4
Bucks	77	0	—	—	38	10	24	9
Brecon	72	9	—	—	54	5	16	7
Montgomery	72	9	49	6	41	4	20	0
Radnor	75	9	—	—	43	9	23	1
Maritime Counties.								
Eſſex	79	11	38	6	36	8	24	0
Kent	70	10	—	—	36	4	26	8
Suſſex	71	4	—	—	37	10	24	8
Suffolk	78	3	40	0	37	11	21	1
Cambridge	74	5	43	2	35	9	15	1
Norfolk	77	2	39	9	30	1	20	11
Lincoln	73	1	48	0	39	9	16	9
York	69	3	43	3	39	1	18	2
Durham	70	11	—	—	40	0	18	8
Northumberland	67	8	48	0	33	10	19	2
Cumberland	79	10	48	8	37	9	20	5
Weſtmorland	79	7	55	4	38	4	22	11
Lancaſter	82	4	—	—	51	6	25	8
Cheſter	77	0	—	—	52	3	22	9
Flint	77	6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Denbigh	85	8	—	—	55	4	23	7
Angleſea	None		bro't		forSale		—	—
Carnarvon	81	0	—	—	48	0	29	6
Merioneth	80	0	—	—	48	0	22	0
Cardigan	73	8	—	—	33	2	14	11
Pembroke	63	6	—	—	37	10	14	3
Carmarthen	69	4	—	—	40	9	17	11
Glamorgan	72	0	—	—	40	0	20	6
Glouceſter	73	2	—	—	43	5	25	3
Somerſet	71	10	—	—	38	11	21	8
Monmouth	77	4	—	—	44	8	—	—
Devon	70	3	—	—	36	2	19	4
Cornwall	69	8	—	—	34	6	15	9
Dorſet	71	0	—	—	35	6	29	4
Hants	71	11	—	—	37	11	23	11
Average of England and Wales.								
Per Quarter	75	0	47	2	41	3	21	10

Feb. 25—Peck Loaf, 3s 7d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, January 1802.

D.	H.	Baro.	T. out	T. in	H.	C.	Wind.	Weather, &c.	Rain 0,23
1	8	30,18	29	42		0	N 1	hazy	
	2	30,18	32,5	43,5		1	NNW 1	hazy	
2	8	29,99	31	42		2	SW 1	hazy. cloudy. little fleet and fnow	
	2	29,82	36	43		5	SSW 3	. little fleet: wind E and fnow	
3	8	29,94	31	41		4	E 1	. fine	
	2	30,14	30,5	40,5		2	E 1	. cloudlefs eve	
4	8	30,29	30	38,5		h	NNE 1	. a few flakes of fnow at times	
N	2	30,19	34	40		h	NNE 1	. little fleet at times: fnow	
5	8	29,73	31,5	39		h	NNW 1	. gentle fnow: more fnow	
	2	29,64	33,5	40,5		h	NW 1	. little fleet at times	
6	8	29,64	32	42		h	SW 1	. little fnow	
	2	29,72	36	42		h	S 1	. clear night and wind E	
7	8	29,92	27	41		1	E 0	hazy: thick upward	
	2	29,93	34	41		h	ENE 1		
8	8	29,93	36,5	41		f	ENE 1	: drizzling	
	2	29 96	37	42		h	ENE 1		
9	8	29,99	36	42,5		h	NE 1		
	2	29,93	36	42,5		5	N 2	hazy	
10	8	29,57	32	42,5		5	NNW 1	. little foggy	
	2	29,47	32,5	42		4	NNW 1	little foggy. fine night	
11	8	29,55	26,5	40		3	N 1	foggy. little fnow. fine	
	2	29,50	31,5	40,5		1	WNW 1	hazy	
12	8	29,70	26	37		f	WNW 1	not cloudy	
	2	29,68	30,5	38,5		3	WNW 1	hazy	
13	8	29,68	26,5	35,5		f	W 1	little fnow. not cloudy	
	2	29,69	28,5	37		h	NW 1	not cloudy. fine night	
14	8	30,00	26	35,5		1	NW 1	hazy	
	2	30,05	31	37,5		1	NNW 1	hazy	
15	8	30,34	27	36,5		h	N 1	not cloudy	
	2	30,47	30	38		2	N 1	hazy. thick upward at night	
16	8	30,59	19	35,5		f	NNW 1	. fine. wind WSW	
	2	30,52	33,5	36,5		2	WSW 1	. thick upward at night	
17	8	30,36	37,5	38,5		h	WSW 1	. fine	
	2	30,26	41	40,5		2	WSW 1	hazy. thick upward at eve	
18	8	30,26	38,5	42,5		3	WSW 1	foggy. fine: more hazy	
F	2	30,24	44	44,5		3	WSW 2	hazy. thick upward at eve	
19	8	29,99	41,5	46		3	SW 2	hazy. cloudy: gentle rain	
	2	29,81	42	49		5	SW 3	gentle rain. fine night	
20	8	29,87	38	46		1	W 2	: thick upward	
	2	30,00	42,5	46,5		h	W 2	. rain at night: windy and fine	
21	8	29,48	44,5	48		3	WSW 4		
	2	29,48	43,5	46,5		2	WSW 5	. cloudy eve. lefs wind and fine	
22	8	30,16	38,5	46	42	0	NW 2		
	2	30,32	42	47,5	40	2	NW 2	. calm and cloudlefs night	
23	8	30,58	32	42	44	h	WSW 1	: cloudy	
	2	30,59	40	44	45	3	W 1	hazy. cloudy night: little rain	
24	8	30,47	41,5	46,5	60	2	WSW 1	hazy. cloudy and drizzly	
	2	30,43	43,5	46	62	5	SW 1	: fine	
25	8	30,34	37	44	56	2	SW 1	foggy. fine	
	2	30,33	44,5	45,5	54	2	SSW 1	hazy. clear night	
26	8	30,33	44	49,5	54	3	SSW 1	hazy	
	2	30,34	47,5	49	54	3	SSW 2	hazy. thick upward at night	
27	8	30,51	46,5	49	62	h	SSW 1		
	2	30,59	48,5	50,5	63	h	SW 1	. barometer 30,66 at night: fine	
28	8	30,63	41,5	49,5	59	1	S 1	little foggy. fine	
	2	30,60	49,5	51	52	3	S 1	. clear night	
29	8	30,40	41	47,5	55	h	S 1	. drizzly at times	
	2	30,32	44	49,5	60	h	SWW 1	drizzly at times. little rain at night	
30	8	30,34	40,5	49	60	f	SW 1	. fine	
	2	30,29	46	51	58	3	SW 1	hazy. little rain at eve. fine	
31	8	30,20	47	49,5	60	3	SSW 2	. fhowery. cloudy	
	2	30,15	49	50	58	4	SW 3	. drizzly at times. little rain at eve. windy	

This part of the month judged to be fimilar to the latter.

PRICES of STOCKS, from JANUARY 28, to FEBRUARY 25, 1802, both inclusive.

By ANTHONY CLARKE, Stockbroker, No. 29, Princes-Street, Lothbury.

Days	Bank Stock.	3 per C. reduced.	3 per C. conſols.	4 per C. Anns.	Old 5 per C. Conſ.	New 5 per C. Anns.	Long Anns.	Short Anns.	India Stock.	Imperial 3 per C.	Imperial Ann.	Exchequer Bills.	Engliſh Lot. Tic.	Iriſh Lot. Tic.
28	190	68 ⅛	68¼⅜	85 ⅜	98 ¼	99 ⅛	20	5 ¼	213 ½	68		4s. pr.		
29	190 ½	69	68¼⅜	85 ⅜	98 ¼	99 ¼	20	5 ¼	213	68		5		
30														
1	190 ½	69 ⅛	68¼¾	85 ⅜	98 ¼	99 ¼	20	5 ¼	213	67 ⅞		5		
2	190 ½	69 ⅛	68⅝¾	85 ⅜	98	99			213			6		
3	191	69 ⅛	68⅝¾	86	98	99 ⅛	20 ⅛	5 ¼	213 ¼	68 ½	12 ¼	6		
4	191 ½	69 ¼	68¾¾	85 ⅞	98	99 ⅛	20 ⅛	5 ¼	213	68 ½	12 ¼	6	16 11 0	
5	190 ¾	69 ⅛	68¾¾	86 ¼	99 ¼	100 ⅛	20 ¼	5 ¼		68 ⅛		6		
6		69 ¼	68⅝¾69	86 ¼	99	100	20 ⅛							
8		69 ⅛	68¾¾	86 ¼	100	100 ⅛	20 ⅛		213	68 ⅛	12 ¼			
9	191 ¼	69 ⅛	68¾69⅛	86 ⅜	100	100 ⅞	20 ¼	5 ⅛	213 ¾	68 ¼	12 ⅜	9	16 12 0	
10	192	69 ⅛	69⅛⅞	86 ⅜	100 ⅛	101	20 ½	5 ⅛	214	68 ⅞		7	16 12 0	
11	191 ¾	70	69¼¾	87	100	101 ⅛		5 ⅛	214 ¼		12 ⅜	8	16 12 0	
12	192	70 ⅛	69⅝⅞	87 ⅜	100	101 ⅛	20 ⅛		215	69 ⅛		8		
13	192	70	69¾⅞	87 ⅜	100	101 ¼	20 ⅛	5 ⅛	214 ¼	69 ⅛	12 ⅜	8		
15		70	69¾⅞	87 ⅜	100	101 ⅜	20 ⅛	5 ⅛		69 ⅛	12 ⅜	8		
16	191 ¾	70 ⅛	69⅞⅞	87	100	102	20 ⅛	5 ⅛	215	69 ¼	12 ½	8		
17	192	70	69¾⅞	87 ¼	100	101 ⅛	20 ⅛	5 ⅛		69		6		
18	192	70 ⅛	69⅝⅞	87 ¼	100	101 ¼	20 ¼	5 ⅛	214 ½	69 ⅛		4		
19	191	69 ⅞	69a68⅞	86 ⅞	100	101 ¼	20 ¼		214	68 ⅞		4		
20		69 ⅛	68¾⅞	86 ⅛	100 ⅛	101 ⅛	20 ¼	5 ⅛		68 ⅞	12 ⅜	2	16 4 0	
22		69 ⅛	68⅝¾	86 ⅛	99	101	20 ⅛	5 ⅛	213 ½	68 ⅛		2		
23	190 ½	69 ¼	68¾¾	86 ⅛	99 ½	101 ⅛	20 ¼		213 ¼	68 ⅛		1		
24		69 ⅛	68¾¾	86 ⅛										
25		69 ¼	68⅞a69⅜	86 ⅛	99 ⅞	101 ⅜	20 ¼	5 ⅜				par	16 8 0	

☞ In the 3 per Cent. conſols. the higheſt and loweſt Price of each Day is given; in every other Article the higheſt Price only, the Long, Short, and Imperial Annuities excepted, which are given within a fifteenth of the higheſt Price. In the different Funds that are ſhut, the Prices are given with the Dividend till the Days of Opening.

☞ In the 3 per Cent. confols. the higheſt and loweſt Price of each Day is given; in every other Article the higheſt Price only, the Long, Short, and Imperial Annuities excepted, which are given within a ſixteenth of the higheſt Price. In the different Funds that are ſhut, the Prices are given with the Dividend till the Days of Opening.